

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

A horizontal illustration strip. On the left, a horse stands in a stable-like setting. On the right, a theatrical scene is depicted with a stage, curtains, and a seated figure.

No. 297.—VOL. XII.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>D.



Mlle. ALICE REGNAULT, OF THE THEATRE GYMNASÉ.



## RAILWAYS.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.  
SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 6th to 10th October, 1879.  
CESAREWITCH STAKES, Tuesday, 7th October.

St. Pancras. dep.	Liverpool-st. dep.	Newmarket. due.
7.33 a.m.	6.0 a.m.	9.55 a.m.
9.25 a.m.	7.35 a.m.	11.22 a.m.
9.45 a.m.	9.25 a.m. (Special)	11.35 a.m.
10.15 a.m.	9.45 a.m. (Special, 1st Class only)	11.45 a.m.
12.3 noon	10.23 a.m.	2.8 p.m.
2.35 p.m.	11.35 a.m. (Express)	4.52 p.m.
5.5 p.m.	2.40 p.m. (Express)	7.20 p.m.
	5.15 p.m. (Express)	10.0 p.m.
	7.32 p.m.	

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.1 and 8.58 a.m., 12.25, 4.2, and 6.16 p.m., and to Liverpool-street at 8.5 p.m.

A First-class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th Oct., at 9.45 a.m. and return from Newmarket each day one hour after the advertised time of the last race.

On Monday, 6th Oct., a Special Train will leave Cambridge for Newmarket on arrival of the 5.15 p.m. Train from Liverpool-street, and the 5.5 p.m. Train from St. Pancras, and the 10.2 p.m. Train from Liverpool-street will run through to Newmarket, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers.

A First, Second, and Third-class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th Oct., at 9.25 a.m., for Newmarket, returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and at 5.0 p.m. on Friday.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

London, September, 1879.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.  
CESAREWITCH DAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7TH.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers at Ordinary Fares, will run between Cambridge and London, as under—

London to Cambridge.	Cambridge to London.
Monday 6th Oct.	Tuesday 7th Oct.
King's Cross ..... dep. 9.0	Cambridge ..... dep. 6.50
Finsbury Park ..... arr. 9.8	Finsbury Park ..... arr. 8.5
Cambridge ..... dep. 10.35	King's Cross ..... dep. 8.10

A. In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. for Newmarket.

B. In connection with the 6.9 p.m. Ordinary Train Newmarket to Cambridge.

C. In connection with the 4.3 p.m. Ordinary Train Newmarket to Cambridge.

Return Tickets available for One Month. Ordinary Trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.40 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. First, Second, and Third Class Passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the Return Trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, October, 1879.

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	From Glasgow.	From Liverpool.
TRINACRIA.....	Oct. 18	" 22.
INDIA .....	Nov. 8	" 12.
ITALIA .....	To follow.	To follow.

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Including Two SOUPS, Two kinds of Fish, Two Entrees, Joints, Sweets, Cheese (in variety), Salad, &c., with Ices and Dessert.

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DRAWN BY

**JOHN STURGESS,**

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## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

RIVIERE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS

Every evening at 8.

The following artists will appear during the week. Vocalists: Miss Emma Thursby, Miss Giulia Welson, Miss Adelina Carmi, Madame Adeline Paget, Miss Elene Webster, Mlle. Bernadine Hamaker, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Mary Cummings, Mlle. Agnes Ross, and Madame Euriquez; Signor Urlo, Signor Carrian, and Signor Gustave Garcia. Instrumentalists: Violins: M. Alex. Carnalis and Madame Therese Liebe. Violoncello: M. Van Biene. Pianoforte: Miss Bessie Richards, Miss Anna Bock, and Madame Viard-Louis. Cornet-a-Piston: Mr. Howard Reynolds.

Grand Orchestra of 100 Musicians.

Conductor: M. RIVIERE.

Admission One Shilling.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—Every evening at 8.15, THE IRON CHEST. Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Henry Irving. At 7.30, DAISY'S ESCAPE. At 10.30, THE BOARDING SCHOOL. Messrs. J. H. Barnes, Norman-Farbes, J. Carter, T. Mead, S. Johnson, F. Tyars, Finero, Andrews, F. Cooper, Elwood, Ganthony, Branscombe, Tapping, C. Cooper, Ferrand, Calvert, Harwood; Misses Florence Terry, Pauncefort, Myra, Holme, Alma Murray, Harwood, &c. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5, under the management of Mr. Joseph Hurst.

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WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Great success of RESCUED; OR, A GIRL'S ROMANCE, a new and original sensational domestic drama, written by Dion Boucault, every evening. New scenery by Julian Hicks; Music by Mr. W. C. Levey; Stage-Manager, Mr. Charles Harris. Preceded at 7 by POOR PILLICODY, Mrs. A. Mellon, &c. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Revival of James

Albery's successful comedy, TWO ROSES.—At 8 the celebrated Comedy in three acts, written by James Albery, entitled TWO ROSES (42nd and following nights). Every Evening at 7.30, HOME FOR HOME. Concluding with OUR DOMESTICS, by F. Hay, in which Messrs. David James and Thomas Thorne will sustain their original characters. Supported by Messrs. Henry Howe, Thomas Thorne, W. Herbert, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Telbin, Palmer, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Every evening at 7.45, DRINK—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, DRINK, the only authorised version of the French play "L'Assommoir," by Charles Reade.

## CRITERION THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNNDHAM. BETSY, another genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 9, the new Comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The Pink Dominoes," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill, Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED, by A. Maltby. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.

## DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

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EVERY EVENING at 8, NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Return of the original company, as patronised by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Box office open daily. No charge for booking.

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Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—Last six nights of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company, in the world-renowned opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, H.M.S. PINAFORE, with all the original effects, and produced under the direction of the author and composer. Monday, October 6, and every evening at 7.30, THE LOVE TEST; at 8.30, H.M.S. PINAFORE. Characters by Messrs. James A. Meade, George Temple, Fabiani, Aynsley Cook, Billington, Montelli, Fitzlamont. Mesdames Gordon, Haidee Crofton, Dundas, Duglass, &c. Conclude with a Favourite Farce, in which Mr. James A. Mead and Miss Selina Delphine will appear. Box Office open 11 till 4. No fees for Booking.

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## NEW SADLERS WELLS will open Thursday,

Oct. 9th, as a first-class family Theatre, under the direction of Mrs. Bateman. The opening play, ROB ROY, will be produced with every care as regards the distribution of characters, music, costumes, &c., to realise Highland Life as described by Sir Walter Scott. New Sadlers Wells has wide staircases, excellent ventilation, and comfortable seats in every part of the house, commanding a complete view of the stage for nearly 2,500 persons. Prices, Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 4s.; Family Circle, 2s. 6d.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.

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Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.

On Saturday and following evenings, will be produced a new drama by G. Conquest and H. Robinson, entitled the MESMERIST, supported by the entire strength of the Great Company, followed by a new drama by Fawcett Lane entitled HONORS, Messrs. James, Dobell, Monkhouse, &c.; Miss Lee, &c. Concluding with MILES' BOY. On Monday, Oct. 6th, for Benefit of Geo. Gillet, &c., Frazer, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN, THE MESMERIST, and THE IDIOT WITNESS.

## THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,

Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays), from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Among the latest additions are two Leopards and a Tigress, presented by H. E. Lord Lytton, Governor-General of India, and a Bush Dog from British Guiana, presented by J. E. Tinné, Esq.

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Attractions the Whole Day.

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The Feature of the Season.

FARIN'S FRIENDLY ZULUS. Gigantic success.

NOTICE.—The Flying Apparatus will be completed, and LULUS GRAND FLIGHT will positively take place on MONDAY NEXT, at 5 and 10 o'clock, and every afternoon and evening until further notice.—ROYAL AQUARIUM.

**CANTERBURY.—DR. CARVER,** the great American Marksman and Champion Rifle Shot of the World, in his marvellous performance as exhibited before their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

**DR. CARVER'S EXTRAORDINARY RIFLE** SHOOTING while riding full speed on Winnemucca. Double shots at flying objects and at coins thrown into the air, throwing the laws, &c. The Canterbury every evening. Morning performances Wednesday and Saturday, at 3.

**CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.**—Under Royal Patronage.—Best entertainment in the world. Variety Artists, at 8. PAT'S PARADISE, last week, at 9. Miss Nelly Power, supported by Miles. Ada, Broughton, Powell, and Corps de Ballet.—Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

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Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

It appears from some passages in *Truth* that Mr. Labouchere, the editor of that journal, was lately horse whipped by Mr. Edward Lawson, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*—that is, if the verb to horsewhip includes the operation of thrashing with a stick. I have no doubt that Mr. Labouchere deserved what he got, and I am sure I hope it will do him good; the strange part of the business is, not that Mr. Labouchere should have been beaten, but that he should have thought it worth while to mention the circumstance. Mr. Labouchere's experience of these things is, however, greater than mine, and perhaps, therefore, I should not criticise his behaviour. But, as a rule, it is supposed that when one gentleman beats another, the one who talks about it is not usually the gentleman who has been beaten.

For pure artfulness it would be hard to beat the Eskimo method of catching polar bears as related by the American historian, Mr. H. H. Bancroft, in a volume of portentous size, being one of four which deal with the Native Races of the North Pacific. The Eskimos—Esquimaux we used to call them—begin by taking some stout pieces of flexible whalebone, curving them well, and stuffing them with balls of blubber, which they then carefully freeze. The blubber thus holds firm the bent bow, and laden with these appetising but destructive morsels the men go to hunt the bear. A discharge of arrows when the animal is found reverses the order of things, and the bear begins to hunt the men, who throw balls of the succulent delicacy which the bear loves in his path. He is angry, but he is also greedy, and invariably eats as many balls as he can find. "Soon a strange sensation is felt within," the writer says, and one can quite believe it. The heat of the body thaws the blubber, the pieces of whalebone fly straight, and "play havoc with the intestines," speedily bringing the bear to "a painful and ignominious end." I do not exactly see why "ignominious," when such a mean advantage has been taken of him.

Low birth is certainly no bar to success upon the stage nowadays. Mlle. Reichenberg, the charming *ingénue* we all admired last year at the Comédie Française, is the daughter of a cook who served another *sociétaire*, Mme. Madeline Brohan. Her mistress and her family took an interest in the girl who showed talent above her station, and Mlle. Reichenberg in turn became a *sociétaire* herself. Her chief success is probably as Suzel, the artless daughter of the old farmer in *L'Ami Fritz*. When at one time the hero



of that gastronomical comedy is becoming marked in his advances, Sûzel cries, "*Ah! mes beignets!*" and runs off to see how her fritters are getting on; and her anxiety on behalf of her good things is so real and natural that a French critic declares it is hereditary instinct developing itself. "*Ce cri, c'est le cri de ma mère!*" she would explain if you asked how she came to feel the possible over-cooking of the delicacies so acutely.

WHILE Mlle. Reichemberg is the daughter of one who cooked meat, M. Roudil, the baritone, who made so brilliant a *début* last year, is the son of one who sold it. As a boy he carried a butcher's basket round the streets of his native Toulouse, and was singing some music from *Il Trovatore* one day when a wealthy nobleman, an amateur of music, heard and was delighted. He proceeded to make inquiries about the boy, and arranged for his entrance into the Conservatoire; but Roudil, senior, objected on the ground that for the future Rigoletto to learn music would be a waste of time. This difficulty was only overcome by paying the father for the time thus wasted, and the parent probably came in time to realise the fact that there are more profitable ways of passing one's youth than in carrying legs of mutton about a provincial city.

A CINCINNATI newspaper, of scientific tendencies, thinks that when Professor Tyndall was married the other day, the Dean of Westminster, who officiated, missed his opportunity. The way in which, under the circumstances, the Dean should have put the familiar query is:—"Do you take this anthropoid to be your co-ordinate, to love with your nerve centres, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve its organism into its primitive atoms?" Had the point been put in this way it would have made it more clear to the Professor, the journal seems to presume.

ON the hundredth night of *Drink* it appears that a festivity was held at the Princess's Theatre, when the health of the play was drunk copiously—of course in tea or toast and water. Mr. Gooch, the lessee of the theatre, is reported to have made a speech on the occasion and to have said some very sensible things. A good deal of adverse criticism has been passed upon *Drink*, simply by reason of the fact that in advertising the play some people, Mr. Charles Reade, the adaptor, especially, have been guilty of much nonsense. We have been told of noble lessons, examples of morality, warnings against intemperance, &c., *ad nauseam*; and those who have not believed in any such intentions have commented with as much power of sarcasm as Providence had endowed them with, against what was simply unmitigated cant. Mr. Gooch, however—whose professional undertakings, I am informed, render him not violently opposed to the sale of wines and spirits—disarms criticism by a candid statement of facts. He did not produce *Drink* because it is a splendid moral lesson, calculated to bring blessings upon humanity, but for the reason that there is a taste for realistic plays, and the public pay to see them. When there is a demand for art Mr. Gooch says he will supply it. Now there is a demand for *Drink*, and Mr. Gooch supplies that. He was presented by the grateful company with a tea-pot—curiously resembling a claret-jug in form and proportions.

I WONDER how many people have heard "from a man who knows all about the stable" what horse will inevitably win the Cesarewitch? Silly young men talk about having had "a tip" for this or that big race as though all the animals were in the custody of one trainer and all the owners in the stable did what he suggested. It never seems to occur to them that the man who "knows all about the stable," even supposing his knowledge to be as considerable as he protests, does not know all about a dozen other stables, whose principal anxiety it is to keep valuable secrets at home. It is something, no doubt, to know that a horse is certainly "spinning," and something less than this is, as a rule, all that the "man who knows all about the stable" can feel sure of.

THE *Chicago Field* gives, on the evidence of a clergyman, the story of a dream which only just falls short of being most remarkable. A certain man was about to start for New Orleans. He dreamed that while there he would go to a certain church, hear a sermon from a certain text, the choir would sing a certain hymn, a peculiarly sweet voice would cause him to look at the singer, and he would behold a beautiful young lady; and after the service, as the lady passed out to the door she should fall dead. After this dream he went to New Orleans, he went to the church of his dream, the text, hymn, choir, voice and lady were identical with his dream. After the service the young lady was just at the door as he was passing out. He looked at her with horror and pressed through the crowd to catch her when she reached the spot where she should have fallen. The crowd looked indignant but let him pass through, gazing with wonder at his staring eyes and affrighted mien. The young lady glanced at him with some surprise also as she approached the fatal spot. She came nearer and nearer—within a step—passed it—and went home to lunch. But for the weak point there would have been a very telling anecdote.

WHILE such creatures as Messrs. Parnell and O'Connor Power are allowed to roam through Ireland and draw from disaffected ruffians threats concerning the assassination of their landlords, it is pleasant to come across instances of the good feeling which is known to exist so strongly in many quarters between owner and occupier. A landlord near Mallow lately offered his tenants an abatement in their rents due in May last, but was met with a refusal to accept it. They felt, they said, that their landlord's treatment of them in the past had been kind and considerate, and that they had been large gainers in prosperous years under their arrangement with him. They determined, therefore, that for the first year, at least, he should not on their account be a sufferer by the existing depression. Several of them, in consequence, paid their full rent on the spot, and the remainder promised to pay

theirs by the end of November. Such instances as these show with unmistakable force to what extent persons of the Parnell stamp represent Ireland.

CAPTAIN WEBB has been beaten at Gravesend Bay, New York, by Von Schoening, an American swimming master, and also in the same contest by Woerhan, a butcher; two other competitors having succumbed before Webb, who left the water after swimming six miles and one lap in five hours and twenty minutes. Woerhan seems to be well adapted by physical formation for swimming, if corpulence is an advantage. The reporter, with more directness than delicacy, describes Woerhan as more like an inflated bladder than a respectable tradesman, and, after an elaborate calculation, figured out that if the more protuberant portion of Woerhan hit against a wall in the dark, it would be near upon eight minutes before his nose caught up. With the disappearance of Webb interest ceased to some extent. The other two men swam on for twenty minutes, when Woerhan paused and said he should not swim any further for nothing. If any body would give him 500 dollars he would consent to stay in the water for five hours more. As everyone wanted to go home, nobody produced the dollars, and after violent efforts on the part of all concerned, he was hauled on board the boat. Von Schoening stayed a few minutes longer and then retired. He had gone seven miles one lap in five minutes less than six hours. Why Webb gave in is not clear, but it was supposed that he did not feel well.

M. CAPOUL, Mlles. Paola-Marié and Angele have gone to play comic opera at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and the last-named actress, who plays Mlle. Lange in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, is, except in one particular, pronounced a remarkably admirable representative of the character. Her well-trained skill—always with this one exception—gives a finish and consistency to the part which has rarely been put into it before. She sings with good taste, and her voice is pleasant, her acting is fresh and natural, her humour unforced, her appreciation of the part keen and intelligent; but there is an undoubted drawback. Sad as it is that so much excellence should be marred by an unfortunate circumstance, a New York critic feels it his duty to say that "her limbs have too much knee-cap." But for this all would be well. There, however, are those knee-caps, plainly observable, instead of simply being "marked by a dimple." This is the one blot on her artistic capability, and the critic points it out with sorrow. There is only one remedy to be found. Mlle. Angele must wear long dresses, and then her intellectual culture will shine undimmed.

BARRING the sturgeon, whose flesh is too much like fishy veal to be agreeable, Mr. Mortimer Collins's gastronomical sonnet for October sounds well—

October! month of the climax! king of game,  
The pheasant, of the beech-cope peerless denizen,  
Deserves the epicure's right earnest benison,  
Deserves the well-skilled sportsman's careful aim.  
(Alas! hens hatch them, and they're much too tame!)  
Moreover, excellent is red-deer venison;  
And partridge, plump as girl be-rhymed by Tennyson,  
Still on the palate hath a special claim.  
You can begin with oysters—go to Rule's:  
A sturgeon outlet makes a pleasant dish  
For anyone who likes unusual fish;  
But the herring suits the men who are not fools.  
Final delight—a woodcock or a snipe:  
And the first frost will make the medlars ripe.

I AM glad that the desirability of testing the posting-proof scheme is being advocated by so many journals, for there are numerous occasions when the writer of a letter would be glad of a proof that he had committed it to the custody of the Post-office authorities. It is proposed by the inventor of the scheme to issue such proofs at a cost of one farthing each. The writer copies the address on one of the farthing slips of paper, hands it to the clerk, who compares the addresses, himself posts the letters stamps the proof, and hands it back to the sender. The plan was supposed to have had a trial in several towns, and to have been passed over as useless. The inventor, feeling assured that fair trial had not been given to his system, went to Liverpool and questioned one hundred of the leading bankers and merchants to whom he had obtained introductions as to their opinion of his plan? Precisely ninety-nine out of the hundred had never heard of such a thing at all, and the balance of the hundred, a well-known banker, said that he had adopted it and found it very useful. In these circumstances it would appear that the trial could scarcely be termed comprehensive.

RAPIER.

THE VALUE OF RACEHORSES IN AUSTRALIA.—The retirement of Mr. Andrew Loder from the turf has placed a string of well-known racehorses in the market. Mr. T. S. Clibborn, of 145, King-street, held a sale of Mr. Loder's racing stud, at Fennelly's horse bazaar in Pitt-street. The attendance at the sale, although large, contained few purchasers, and the gems of the string were passed in by the auctioneer. The first animal submitted to the hammer was Ginger, a six-year-old chestnut horse, in very good condition, and with a satisfactory pedigree, his sire having been Kingston (imp.). Mr. Silberberg became his owner at a cost of 100 guineas. The Dean—Yattendon drew the attention of those present by his magnificent condition, and changed hands at 300 guineas, Mr. Terry securing him. A bay colt, Hawthorn—Hawthornden (imp.), 3 years, was passed in at 50 guineas. No offer was made for Balthazar—Drummer (imp.), a very likely looking two-year-old colt, with numerous engagements in Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. Black Eagle—Yattendon, for whom Mr. Loder had refused an offer of 1,000 guineas some few months back in Queensland, commanded a bid of 300 guineas, but was taken out of the ring. 140 guineas was refused for Blackthorn—Hawthornden, a three-year-old black colt; and The Pontiff—Drummer, a remarkably fine two-year-old colt, would have found a purchaser at 250 guineas, had Mr. Loder cared about parting with him at that price. The Abbess found no purchaser; and the last of the lot, a chestnut filly, The Baroness—Drummer (imp.), was led back to her box, only 150 guineas having been offered for her.—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

## REVIEWS.

*The Berkshire Lady.* A Romance by Katherine S. Macquoid. London: Macmillan and Co. This is a romantic story, running upon the lines of an old ballad tradition of Berkshire, and one which has already appeared in a less complete and finished condition in a magazine, under the title of "Mistress Frances Kendrick's Romance." It combines very ingeniously the probable with the seemingly improbable, and makes on the whole a story of much freshness and more than average excellence.

*My Lady Green Sleeves*, by the author of "Coming Thro' the Rye" (3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.), is a weak story, betraying in many of its chapters reminiscences of certain popular English and American novelists, and in none of them either power, originality, or good style.

*Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B.* By Eliezer Edwards. This little book makes a timely appearance, and will prove interesting reading to all who hold in grateful appreciation the memory of one of our greatest public benefactors.

*The Puritan Captain* (Ward, Lock, and Co.) is the story of Miles Standish, excellently told by John S. C. Abbott: a book of wild adventure and heroic deeds, suitable for boys, and sure to please them.

*Cruel London*, by Joseph Hatton, has been added to the cheap, well-printed "Companion Library" of Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. It is one of its author's most popular novels.

*Tales from Blackwood.* William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.—These collection of "Tales" are always a sure find for the reader in search of something interesting. The new volume contains five stories fully equal to the standard of the magazine.

*Sporting Sketches at Home and Abroad.* By BAGATELLE. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Allen, 1879.

It is an invidious task to review a book by a fellow contributor, especially when the bulk of it has appeared in our own columns. There is a little proverb—though in all his reading, oddly enough, Mr. Charles Reade never came across it—about self-praise being no recommendation, and we have some delicacy in saying what we should like to say of our fellow labourer "Bagatelle." It is no more than his bare due, however, to observe that his sketches are from life and personal experience, and that he thoroughly understands the subjects which he treats. His style is occasionally perhaps somewhat deficient in literary grace, but never wanting in dash and vigour, and is happily free from that vulgarity of subject and expression which is the prevailing fault among writers on sport. Our favourites in the pleasant little volume just issued are "The Benares Bobbery Hounds" (soldiers who were in India with "Bagatelle" a few years ago will recognise the picture), "Our Pig-sticking Club," and "Three Days with a Vacillator." From a sketch entitled "Gentlemen Jocks," which was not originally published in our columns, we append an extract:—

"He is going to ride to-morrow at B—, in the Dashshire Stakes, &c., &c., two miles on the flat, &c., &c., gentleman riders, professionals 7lbs. extra. At this moment he is in the club preparing for the event, in an arm-chair with the biggest cigar and the tallest B.-and-S. glass that the club can supply, half full of curaçoa and seltzer, laying down the law to his friends, and perfectly content with himself. That glass and cigar will assuredly have their say to-morrow about the distance-post, but he does not believe in that. 'Bosh! it's only on the flat, no need of training; I'm fit enough.'

"We will go with him in the morning and see him weigh. Get-up faultless, nothing wrong there; his servant stands by, encumbered with various coats, horse-cloths, whips, weights, and saddles, all of which get mixed, and invariably go and lose themselves when wanted. At last the ceremony is over, and after a lapse of time, a deal of bother about the saddling, various long confidential conversations with the owner or trainer, our hero is mounted and ready.

"The preliminary canter over, they start. . . . For the first mile all is plain sailing, he obeys his orders, and cuts out the running, or lays behind, as the case may be; at a mile and a quarter he is a little out of breath, and as they near the distance-post he is conscious of a sharp pain in his side and a swelling in his throat, and begins to ride wild. Curaçoa and cigar are riding a race also! Now for the finish.

"As the shouts of the ring greet him, he is almost sure to begin, and nine times out of ten throws the horse out of his stride, and is gratified by seeing the professional jockey shoot past him, hands down, with a quiet smile of contempt, and land a ten-to-one chance by sheer riding and judgment. Yet he will not take warning by this, and others will go and do likewise. No matter how good they may be across country, there are not more than four or five gentlemen, if as many, who can ride on the flat. Two things they always forget: one, that to ride a race you must train and be as fit as your horse; the other, that to sit still and do nothing is far better than trying to emulate Don Quixote or a frantic windmill, as one so often sees done.

"A professional once remarked to me, after beating me on the post, 'If you'd have sat still and put your hands in your pockets instead of beating carpets with your whip you'd have won.' I commend this advice to some of our gentlemen jocks of the present day."

Some of "Bagatelle's" proverbs, of which a chapter is appended, are singularly apposite, and worthy of all attention, as for instance:—

"To jump over a fence is a glorious deed; yet there is more safety in an open gate.

"Hold not thy crop like one that fishes, lest men make mouths at thee, and say, 'He is a cockney.'

"Be careful of thy weapon when thou art shooting; for a careless man is an unwelcome guest.

"Mistake not the legs of thine uncle for a hare; else if thou hast expectations they may not be fulfilled.

"When thine host is at hand, chide not his dog, but wait until he has turned the corner.

"Boast not too freely of what thou canst do, lest a rocketing pheasant laugh thee to scorn.

"It is easier to shoot a man than a woodcock; therefore in covert see thou keep to the line.

"If thou hast been unlucky, avoid a man who has won, or he will exalt himself over thee, and give thee sage counsel.

"Lend not thine ear to the voice of the tipster, who speaketh in hoarse whispers. He doth but seek to betray thee into the hands of his 'pals.'

"Wait for the twist when fielding at leg; otherwise thou wilt lose thy side much glory.

"When thou art caught thou mayest abuse thy bat. Though none will believe thee, yet it soundeth well.

"Bow down thine head when the boom cometh over. It is better to abase thyself than to be felled to the deck."

We have no doubt that many of those who have already galloped across country, played cricket, gone shooting, or dared the perils of the deep with "Bagatelle" will be glad to possess the little collection of sketches issued in a compact and handy shape.



## TURFIANA.

THE demise recently announced of Mr. Henry Padwick will stir up many recollections of the turf as it has existed during the past fifty years, the name of the gentleman lately deceased having been mixed up in many racing transactions during that period of racing history. No man, perhaps, ever came in for so much general abuse, or so great a share of apologetic adulation in certain circles, the members of which found it worth their while to keep on good terms with the "great turf financier," as the penny dreadfuls delighted to dub him.

Without attempting to dive into the mysteries in which Mr. Padwick was supposed to have played the leading part, it will give no offence to his friends, and to those having greater cause to be jealous of his posthumous reputation, to describe the late septuagenarian of Hill-street as a sort of turf Whiteley, or "universal provider" for the wants of those sucking aspirants to distinction in racing circles who did not know exactly how to make a start. To such fledglings, who long to attempt flying without requisite appurtenances in the shape of wings, a wet nurse becomes a necessity, and accordingly Mr. Padwick laid himself out to supply the wants, both equine and financial, of youngsters anxious to take their first plunge into the

troubled waters of the turf. Not without experience of what has been termed the "canker of civilisation," "Paddy," as he was familiarly dubbed by his intimates, almost invariably had a Derby horse on sale, or a sum of money considerable enough to purchase one; so that no *débutant* could complain of a lack of opportunity for prosecuting the alluring but dangerous hobby in which he had made up his mind to embark. The bargains effected through the instrumentality of Mr. Padwick, as purveyor of racers, in some cases more notorious than meritorious, are too well known to be recorded here; nor is it our wish or intention to rake up and expose again to the public gaze transactions over which it is high time a veil should be



SCENE FROM "LA VENUS NOIRE" AT THE CHATELET, PARIS.

drawn. The friends of impulsive and ardent youth invariably lay themselves open to accusations and imputations which they are perhaps well-advised to ignore; and, accordingly, Mr. Padwick paid not the least attention to the many uncomplimentary remarks levelled against his method of doing business. He found trafficking with the instruments and means of gambling a paying game, and wisely stuck to it, with the result of acquiring a handsome independence, and of having gained a valuable insight into the domestic affairs of those who placed

their destinies unreservedly in his hands. The natural history of the spider has been more thoroughly investigated since the days when comparisons were instituted between that insect and the "great turf financier;" with the result that a good deal of blame has had to be shifted from the shoulder of the web spinner to that of the fly, the verdict on the latter being "serve him right" for trying to damage the spider's property. There will, doubtless, be found many willing and eager to undertake the rôle of nurse to the *jeunesse dorée* anxious to register their

colours in Burlington-street; but none blessed with the consummate patience, diplomatic adroitness, and power of successfully charming which characterised the owner of Yellow Jack, the vendor of Klarikoff and Lord Clifden and a host of other equine celebrities, and the reputed scratcher of the Earl in Lady Elizabeth's year. There are never likely to be wanting successors to an individual carrying on so lucrative a business; but it is not given to all alike to exercise the delicate tact, and to possess that knowledge of mankind which stood Mr.

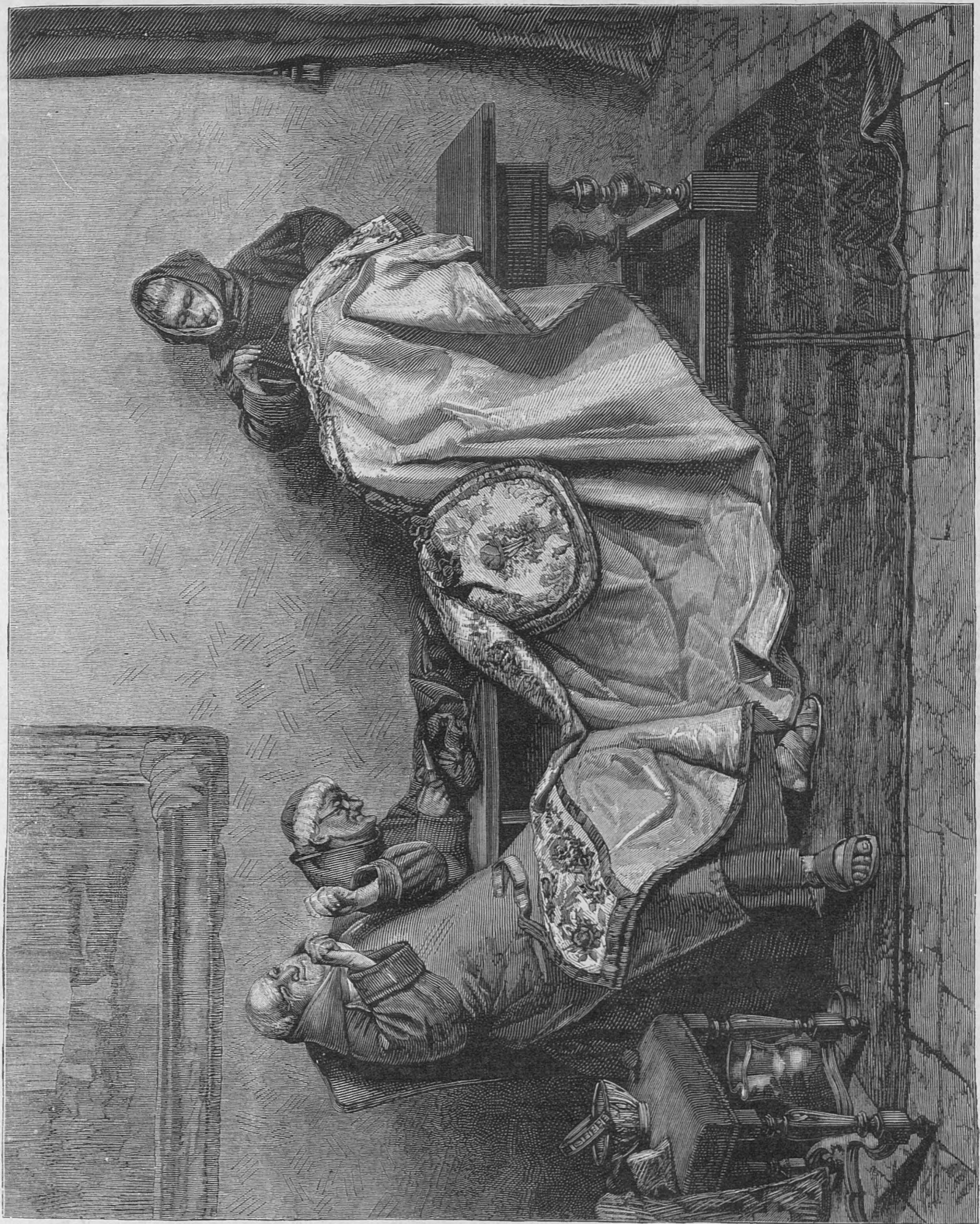


Padwick in such good stead during a long, arduous, and highly successful career as leading turf financier and procurator-general of "articles likely to suit" young men about to take to racing.

Broomielaw, one of the sensational horses of Gladiateur's year, and of late years the property of Sir John Astley, has paid the debt of nature at the comparatively early age of 17, his birth and that of Breadalbane following upon the year when Blair Athol first saw the light. Malton was of course the birthplace of Broomielaw, and he and "Brother to Blair" formed Mr. Chaplin's purchase from T'Anson for £11,000 in the spring of

1865. Those were the days of plunging peers, speculative squires, and wonderful racing sensations, when owners travelled by special trains to see their horses gallop, and when betting at the lists was all the rage, and when more could be won on the Derby than on half-a-dozen of its successors in these degenerate days. Those who witnessed Broomielaw's *début* in the Dee Stakes at Chester will not readily forget his eccentric behaviour at the post, but when once set going, he galloped with such vigour as to put fresh life into the hopes of those who had pinned their faith to him as better than Breadalbane. Like the last named, however, he failed to realise the high expectations

formed of his capabilities, though he won some good races for Mr. Chaplin, his erratic temper militating against his claims to rank as a first-rater. Neither the chesnut brother to Blair nor his bay relative had the length and scope of the mighty Derby and St. Leger hero of 1864; but the blood of both found them admirers in the world of breeders, and Broomielaw's lot was ultimately cast in the fen country, where he begot his best advertisement, "little Trent," and others of average reputation on the turf. He got most of his stock, however, small, short, and evil-tempered, and many sadly disfigured by ewe-necks and drooping quarters, while but few had any pretensions to be



TAILOR MONKS.

reckoned stayers. His loss, therefore, will not be very severely felt, and we understand that of late years he has been only sparsely patronised, except by his owner, who is lucky in having found the recently "unearthed" Highborn to take the place of the wayward and ungenerous son of old Queen Mary.

The printer's devil having cut short our Newmarket narrative of last week, we must perforce try back, and take some note of doings on the concluding days of the First October Meeting. Bend Or's withdrawal from the Rutland Stakes left that race pretty much at Belfry's disposal, and Tulach Ard's performance makes out his defeat of Evasion a thorough fluke. His dam,

Maid of Perth, now looks like a dear bargain to the new confederacy at Cobham, and so does Jocosa, looking at Sabella's overthrow by Gil Blas and others in the Snailwell Stakes, in which Mr. Beddington's filly was last all the way, and the spring two-year-old is beginning to get discounted as we predicted would be the case. Valentino has gone on improving, and beat Trierman and Orchestra readily enough in the Nursery Stakes, giving weight to each; and Royal defeated Brown Prince, as he seemed bound to do, over the T.Y.C., presenting Chamant's attendant home in the Guineas two years ago with 7lb, in addition to the couple of years between them. In the

Moulton Stakes Hermia was one of those undiscovered good things which the keenest analysts will occasionally overlook, and she and Mowerina, another of the "great unmentioned," disposed of Sutler and Preciosa with ridiculous ease. The same term may be applied to Bend Or's victory in the Thirty-Second Triennial, for which the handsome Russley chesnut merely played with his field, and it must be doubted whether The Song and Fire King were really second and third best, while Glen Ronald never flattered his casual supporters for a moment, and we fear his roaring infirmity shows signs of increasing. Why Thurio was made such a pot for the October



Handicap we can't understand; but in the end he had to put up with third place to the outsider Fortitude and the hapless Lord Clive, whose transfer to Sir G. Chetwynd has brought the dark chesnut no luck so far. Landrail landed the odds laid on her in the Double Trial Plate from Aurelie and Olio; and the afternoon wound up with the screaming farce of Solomon v. Drumhead, in which "Jolly Sir John" came off only second best to the wise king, the latter being in Mr. Beville's hands for the nonce.

Bakers were alternately up in their stirrups and down upon their luck on the Friday, though the balance inclined towards them on the whole. Those who had bonneted up that immaculate stayer, the "Gallic Giraffe," looked unutterable things when Bay Archer, "a mere handicap horse, sir," was seen wearing the sprawling chesnut down over the punishing finish of the D.I. Certainly there was the pull of 7lb in favour of the Manton nag, but a St. Leger horse ought to have conceded that weight to Bay Archer with ease. The fact of one section of Rayon d'Or's admirers attributing his defeat to lack of condition, while others on the same side declared their pet had been overworked, proved that there was nothing much the matter; so let both put his defeat in their pipes and smoke it, and then see if he can be made out anything like a good horse. Hackthorpe was better goods for the Rous Course Sweepstakes, though he only beat Lyra colt by a head, a similar distance dividing Susquehanna from her nearest opponent in the Selling Sweepstakes, but Lord Aylesford's Yankee-bred one only realised 170 guineas at the hammer. West Wind went down before Cerberus in the Ditton Handicap, though the last-named had the call of Mr. Pryor's colt; and the Rous Memorial was such a certainty for Bend Or that speculation languished at last, only a few coming to the rescue of Mask, the Red Riband colt, Jenny Diver filly, and Dora. Only the last-mentioned of these caught the judge's eye, her number going up below those of the Westminster crack and Cannie Chiel, a smart-looking Scottish Chief colt of Prince Bathfany's, not backed for a shilling. Again to-day they made Triermain favourite in a sweepstakes, but the gay deceiver could only struggle up third to Anticyra and Bowness, of which the former was bought in for 560 guineas; and then Robert the Devil brought down the curtain by cantering away from Nightcap and the Carine filly in the First October Two-Year-Old Stakes.

Postponing our consideration of the prospects of Cesarewitch candidates to the last, we will proceed to discuss the Second October bill of fare, beginning with the October Post Produce Stakes, which *Mask* ought to place to Prince Soltykoff's credit, unless Muncaster should turn up trumps for the Duke of Westminster. *Schoolboy* may be good enough to win the Ditton Stakes now that Petal seems to have trained off; and among the Clearwell entries there is nothing so taking as *Mr. Lorillard's lot*, with a saving clause, however, in favour of the dark Sirdar, should he emerge from his retirement. On Tuesday the Royal Stakes looks like falling to *Charibert*, who is better class than the rest; and in the Select Stakes, R.M., our vote must be for *Philippine*, who will, however, have some tough opponents to tackle in Monsieur Philippe, Caxtonian, Discord, Breadfinder, Japonica, and Rayon d'Or. *Brother to Ersilia* should be equal to the task of beating Tadeaster in the Post Sweepstakes, but the Middle Park Plate cannot be so summarily dismissed, though we can only attempt to indicate the best of the public performers engaged therein. Among such may be reckoned Preston Pans, Brother to Ersilia, Glen Ronald, Tulach Ard, Henry George, and Evasion, which should not form a very formidable contingent for an unpenalised candidate to settle, and of these there are plenty, though we have not heard the name of many mentioned as yet. Mr. Crawford holds a strong hand comparatively unexposed, while the foreign opposition might prove formidable, and there are some respectable public performers as yet "unbracketed." Looking at the style in which Preston Pans has performed, we must give him and Evasion preference over the public candidates; but these may all have to sing small before some "great unknown," and we have a shrewd suspicion that *Robert Peck* will be as formidable as ever for this rich stake, and he can measure a candidate so precisely that his lead should be followed in case a demonstration is made in favour of the Russley lot.

On Thursday the Bretby Stakes has eight subscribers, but all are unknown to fame, and perhaps *Providence* may be found the best; while in the Newmarket Oaks *Peace* may possibly turn the tables on Whirlwind, the rest being a sadly moderate lot, with no pretensions to stay the severe Two Middle Miles. The Champion Stakes, across the Flat, may be just beyond the length of *Phénix's* tether, but we hardly know what can gallop him down, the pick of his opponents being Thunderstone, Exeter, Silvio, Caxtonian, Belphebe, Attalus, Sir Joseph, Placida, and *Lord Clive*, and it may be the last-named will run well enough to win over his favourite distance, for we cannot think we have quite seen the best this year of Sir G. Chetwynd's four year old. In the Newmarket Derby crop up the names of *Rayon d'Or*, Caxtonian, Lancastrian, Ruperra, and Westbourne, and we cannot see what is to beat the first named, though he will not like the stiff hill at the finish, and Mr. Crawford's colt may be his most dangerous opponent. *Geraldine* should be found capable of beating Incendiary, Dora, and MacGeorge in the Prendergast Stakes, and it would be a treat indeed to witness the meeting of M. Philippe, Philippine, Robert the Devil, Out of Bounds, Discord, Falmouth, Isonomy, Lollypop, Breadfinder, Japonica, *Phénix*, Parole, Placida, and Lady Lumley over the Bretby Stakes course for the Great Challenge Stakes, for which we must stand *Phénix* once again. Prophecy on the Cesarewitch a week prior to its decision is a dangerous game, but editor and printer are inexorable, and we must make the attempt, our readers duly bearing in mind the disadvantages under which we labour. It may seem a bold measure to throw over most of the leading favourites at the time of writing, but however they may fare at the hands of the ring, we shall have none of Adamite, Lansdown, or Westbourne, preferring to pin our faith to stable-companions now in the background, and believing that Dresden China, Bay Archer, and Isonomy are better worth trusting upon their recent form. Discord will, ere long, be found overrated, a vast deal too much having been made of his race with Rayon d'Or across the flat, and the utmost we expect of Parole is to find him running in the first flight at the finish, and it is just on the cards he may get a place. Breadfinder is nicely weighted, but we don't fancy her "this journey"; nor are we sanguine that Robert Peck will be worthily represented by one out of his long string, of which Ridotto may once more be found the "pea." All of his team have been talked about, but to our thinking Russley is likely to show a far more formidable front in the Cambridgeshire, a race for which many a bold bid has been made by that stable. Advance is a smart horse, but has more weight than he will care about; and we cannot bring ourselves to believe in Sunburn at 7st, though Mr. Davis's horse stays fairly well. Attalus is far too uncertain to trust, even were we certain he possessed the requisite stamina; and Mistress of the Robes, though she can go on for ever, is not class enough for a race of this description, leniently weighted though she be. Quits and Barley Sugar, having played their parts, may be dismissed from our calculations; but their stable companion, Chippendale, is a bird of quite another colour, and in addition

to possessing good credentials, he "goes" in the market like many another quiet "good thing" hailing from Stanton, where he has been doing capital work of late. His Ascot form with Silvio has been put down as fluky, but we do not hold to that opinion; while the ground looks like being as sticky and holding at Newmarket as upon the Royal Heath. To sum up, then, we shall be bold enough to throw over Adamite and Westbourne for Dresden China and Isonomy, and our final vote must be for the *bric-à-brac* pair,

DRESDEN CHINA and CHIPPENDALE;

while we expect to see Isonomy and Parole their immediate followers; and if a surprise is in store Bay Archer may effect it. SKYLARK.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

A SINGLE-HANDED cricket match is somewhat of a rarity now, and therefore the fact that one took place last Wednesday afternoon at Southwark Park for ten pounds, the players being G. Clifford and J. Potter, is worth recording. Clifford won the toss, and elected to bat, but was soon disposed of for three singles, but he had his revenge, as in a quarter of an hour he clean bowled his opponent for "a duck." After an interval of some twenty minutes, Clifford again went to the wicket, and was not disposed of until he had made twenty-two, consisting of one three, six two's, and seven singles. Potter followed on, but, knocking his wicket down when playing the first ball, was beaten without making a single run.

Eleven Gentlemen and Players against twenty West Kent Wanderers, with Willsher and Henty, was the title of a match played at Blackheath last Friday and Saturday, and it resulted in a draw, the twenty making 121 and 93 for eight wickets, against 101 on the part of the eleven. No scores worth mentioning were made.

Football commenced in the London district on Saturday, when Blackheath played West Kent, in Richardson's Field. The match was a very one-sided affair altogether, West Kent being beaten by five goals one try, and numerous touch-downs to a solitary touch-down.

Queen's Park played off their tie for the Scottish Association Challenge Cup with the Rangers on Saturday, when the latter, who lost the services of their two cracks, the brothers Vallance, were beaten by five goals to one.

Without a chance of being accused of undue egotism, I can shake hands with myself over the result of the two big races rowed, or rather sculled, on the Thames last Monday and Tuesday, as I brought off "a double event;" yet in this I was lucky, as undoubtedly Thomas was fortunate when he beat Cannon. First and foremost comes the race for £400, between Robert Watson Boyd, of Gateshead, and J. Higgins, of Shadwell, two ex-champions. A few years back such a contest would have caused the wildest excitement, but neither the Tynesiders nor the followers of the southerner seemed to be in the slightest degree unduly elevated by the affair, although the fact that a picked crew from the Tyne had been brought to show up Boyd, should have been sufficient to give the public an insight of what was to be. Odds of 3 to 1 were laid on the north-countryman, who led right away from the start, eventually winning with ridiculous ease by about five lengths, in the moderate time of 24min. 6sec. Somewhat more interesting was the match between Joe Cannon, of Kingston, and Harry Thomas, of Hammersmith, on Tuesday, for a stake of half the proportions of the former one. A deal of finessing took place in betting circles, as evens and five to four were both freely accepted about Cannon until just previously to the start, when the sharps came with one rush, and twos and threes to one on the Hammersmith man became as plentiful as blackberries in September. After one or two breaks away, they got off on even terms, and although he splashed a good deal, the Kingston man, rowing the quicker stroke, soon drew ahead, and his friends loudly proclaimed his victory, odds of 2 to 1 being laid on him ere a quarter of a mile had been covered. A ding-dong race ensued for the first mile, and a foul more than once seemed inevitable, but luckily it was mutually avoided. Now Cannon's cutter, in which Mr. Innis was seated for the purpose of showing him up, fell so far astern that he was left entirely to his own resources, the result being that he steered in the most erratic manner, and rapidly fell into the rear. In the last mile he made a game effort to retrieve the fortune of the day, but without avail, Thomas winning easily by a couple of lengths, but had the Richmond man had the services of his coach I am of opinion that he would have won with something to spare; time, 24min 55sec.

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. Joseph Jenn. His path lay more especially amongst professional pedestrians and boxers, but his face was well-known to many amateurs. Few men were more thoroughly versed in matters sporting; in fact, he was generally known amongst his familiars as "Joey Fast-times, the walking chronology," from his habit of always timing every race he saw, and being able at a moment's notice to answer any query on sport. Ardent lover as he was of sport, he was also a staunch admirer of music, and a clever pianist. Some two years back he was cruelly assaulted and robbed of his watch, during the scuffle to retain which he received a severe kick in the abdomen. He, however, apparently quite recovered, but in the commencement of the present year was taken suddenly ill again, it being at length discovered that a tumour had been forming, which eventually, despite the best medical advice, caused his death at the early age of forty-five. Peculiar in his manner at times, he was a staunch friend where he made a friendship, and was always happy to give the budding neophyte the benefit of his superior knowledge. Genial-hearted "Joey" will be much missed.

Athletics were almost a dead letter in the metropolitan district last Saturday, the bill of fare containing but a couple of items—viz., the Clapton Beagles' Long-distance Championship and the South London Harriers Club Ten Miles Challenge Cup. In the former competition the distance was twenty miles (in previous years it has been twenty-five), and G. A. Dunning proved the winner by a long distance, in 2h 17min 5sec, he being followed home by G. Pescod (2h 42min 30sec), and J. E. Dixon (2h 43min). W. Davis was too good for G. F. Harris, W. M. Colson, and S. Hirst in the "Harriers" competition, winning easily by 63sec, doing the distance in 1h 45min 47sec.

Bishops Stortford Sports on Tuesday appear to have been very successful. A. Garland, Ibis A.C., 15 yards start, won the "Quarter" very easily, in 55 4-5sec; H. H. Griffin, L.A.C., 90sec, the Two-mile Walk by eighty yards, in 18min 2 3-5sec; and G. Wilcocks, B.S.A.C., the Two Miles Bicycle Handicap, with 125 yards, winning by ninety yards, in 9min 31 1-5sec. The brothers H. P. and N. S. Hodson had a rare benefit, winning four out of the eight club events.

"Where the prizes go" is the heading to a letter appearing in a contemporary, and the writer then gives a graphic account of how accident led him to Hemmings-row, where he saw a silver cup, once the property of the Civil Service Athletic Club, they having awarded it to the winner of their Strangers' Race in 1872. He observes: "Although the cup probably did not originally cost the seven guineas which is

asked for it, it may be that the Civil Service Athletic Club would prefer paying even that price and have it once more in their possession than to know it was being thus exposed for sale in market overt." Now my opinion is that the executive of the Civil Service Athletic Club don't care a fig about the matter; it is no business of theirs. I, however, thought these cups were valued at ten guineas, and the club may therefore find it economical to re-purchase it. If "Honour," however, is particularly anxious about such a trifle, perhaps he will head a list of subscribers to re-purchase prizes which have been disposed of by the winners of the same; I shall be happy to direct him to a locality where he can find scores. I wonder how much it would cost the London A.C. to buy up prizes presented by them which have parted company with their owners; I do not think the Messrs. Waddell would find it very profitable business.

Elliott says he is not "gassing" in re the match against Hanlan, and that he would also very much like to meet Robert Watson Boyd; but the two Northerners, I am afraid, will not come to terms yet awhile.

Courtney is very unwell, and therefore his defeat by Hanlan looks almost a certainty. Wallace Ross, the same advices also inform me, has again been conquered, George Lee having beaten him for the professional sculls over a one mile and a half course, at the Northwich (N.Y.) Regatta.

When, I wonder, are we to hear the last of the swimming championship for professionals? Beckwith, jun., arrogates to himself the title because, he says, Jones will not swim him. Now this is certainly not "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," as Jones has made every reasonable attempt to make a match on fair terms, whereas the Cockney has invariably tried a shuffle out. Now, as a final crusher, Jones offers to swim five hundred yards in the Serpentine, to which Beckwith responds that Jones "knows well that will not carry the championship. If he wanted to swim me 500 yards, why did he not enter for Mr. Watson's cup, which I hold?" &c. This looks very pretty in print, but it is not likely that the canny Northerner will come to the metropolis and swim in a bath to fill other people's pockets. I am in a position to state that Jones offered to swim at Lambeth for £25 expenses, or to give a similar sum if Beckwith allowed him choice; and, also, that the Leeds man has especial reasons for refusing to share gate proceedings at Westminster. If Beckwith means a genuine match let him accept Jones's offer to swim in the Serpentine, where the gate money squabble cannot be brought up, or else leave off saying he has "tried fairly to make a match to swim Jones." Why would a match between the two reputed best swimmers we have not carry the championship because it was swam for a heavy money stake in a fair lake instead of in a bath for a cup?

Thursday evening's entertainment, annually promoted by the Ilex Swimming Club, must necessarily stand over until next week as it is not decided at the time these notes have to reach the printer.

John Graham has not been long in responding to the gentleman who is anxious to back a lad to wrestle him in the Cumberland and Westmoreland style. He does not consider himself a "so-called champion," and is open to back his opinion for £100 or £200 a side.

Twickenham R.C. Regatta was a great success last Saturday afternoon. J. Hastie, Thames R.C., won the handicap sculls from scratch, J. H. D. Goldie the veterans' sculls also from scratch, and the latter's crew took the open eights as well, the club fours falling to Vertue's lot.

Some very good sport was provided by that well-known River Lea society, the Albion R.C., who gave prizes for a scratch fours' race, and eventually, after six trial heats, a crew stroked by E. Christian, Albion R.C., defeated another under the captaincy of N. Deguine, of the same club, only three-quarters of a length separating them at the finish.

The members of the Grafton Cricket Club are annoyed at some doubts as to their vitality expressed by "Exon" last week and one of them forwards unmistakable proofs of a particularly busy existence. EXON.

MISS MARY DAVIES.—We should have added to our notice of this young singer in last week's issue that much of her success has been due to the careful training she received from the efficient hands of Signor Randegger.

LADIES' PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.—This society, whose headquarters are at 107, Westbourne-grove, is established for the purpose of adding to the incomes of ladies of limited means. So far, the occupation found for the ladies belonging to it is the manufacture, packing, and sale of cigarettes.

BRIGHTON DOG SHOW.—The extra prize for Fox Terriers, given by the Southdown Fox Terrier Club, at page 9 of the Schedule must read—"a Challenge Cup value £15 15s., and a silver medal added," and at page 10, after the line "by a member of the club," read, "and bred by him."

MESSRS. Jones, Johnson, Sullivan, Richardson, Chester, Devenish, Niesch, and Brown have decided that Lord Beaconsfield must immediately resign and give place to a Liberal administration. If it were better understood who the gentlemen are, their claims to give directions on the subject would be more apparent.

CUB-HUNTING IN WARWICKSHIRE.—The Atherstone hounds, which have commenced cub-hunting this week, have met with some good sport, foxes being plentiful in all parts of the district. Some difficulty has, however, been experienced in getting round the coverts, owing to the backward condition of the harvest. Captain Oakeley, of Cliffe-house, Atherstone, and North Wales, retains the mastership, and there is every prospect of some excellent sport being obtained during the coming season. The hounds are in excellent condition.

THE "FATHER" OF FRENCH TRAINERS.—At Chantilly there was buried on Monday a man of some note in his way—Thomas Carter, senior, one of the syndicate of Chantilly, and the "doyen" or "father" of French trainers. He may be said, indeed, to have been the father of French racing, for he went over to France to superintend the racing stable of Lord Henry Seymour in 1830, three years before the foundation of the French Jockey Club, that is, three years before the organisation of regular horse-racing in France. He first established himself at Porte-Maillet, afterwards at La Morlaye, "in the house now occupied by the trainer of the Lonray stud," whence he removed to La Fourrière, where he died. He was a public as well as a private trainer: he trained for Lord Henry Seymour, Baron de Rothschild, M. Reiset, and himself. He founded a school of jockeys and trainers, including, besides the various Carters related to him, Tom and Henry Jennings, J. Bartholomew, F. Kent, and H. Gibson. He trained six winners of the French Derby: Lord H. Seymour's Franck, Lydia, and Vendredi, in 1836, 1837, and 1838 (Poetess, the winner in 1841, was trained by R. Boyce); Baron de Rothschild's Meudon, in 1846; his own Expérience, in 1849; and M. Reiset's Célébrité in 1854. For many years past he had given up business, beyond training a few horses of his own. He died at seventy-four years of age, having been just half a century connected with the French turf, after a previous connection with the English.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Mr. Williamson, 9, South-street, Scarborough, writes:—"I have seen their beneficial effect for years; in cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, &c., they give instant relief." Sold by all Druggists, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## Mlle. Alice Regnault.

THERE was once an actress in Paris whose principal business in the piece was to direct her mistress's attention to some fireworks which were being discharged, and whose part consisted of the line, "*Madame la comtesse, c'est le feu d'artifice!*" The young lady studied it long and earnestly. The eventful moment arrived, the fireworks were let off, and she exclaimed, with just emphasis and expression, "*Madame la comtesse, c'est le feu d'artifice!*" This, however, was not Mlle. Regnault, and the anecdote is only apposite inasmuch as the original of the picture on the front page began her career at the Variétés in a play wherein she was entrusted with a part running thus:—"*Madame la baronne est servie!*" She has had longer parts since at Cluny in *Les Sceptiques*, at the Palais Royal, in *Tricouche et Cacolet*, and at the Gymnase in *La Femme de Chambre*. Critics describe her as intelligent, though, in accordance with French custom, they have rather more to say about her physical than her mental graces.

## ELK-HUNTING IN SWEDEN.

The sketch from which our picture of elk-hunting is drawn was taken from an incident which occurred on the estate Schisshyttan Durlicarlia, Råmin Lake. Elk-shooting in Sweden is not a very scientific sport governed by hard and fast rules. The requisites are a good rifle, a couple of strong hounds that can run at a good pace, and a determination to get venison. On hearing that an elk is within reach the sportsman "goes for" him after any fashion that may seem most likely to lead to a fair chance. If the beast be killed, well and good. If wounded, the hounds will run him down and assist in the capture.

## HUMOURS OF THE PAST MONTH.

Mr. Stretch's humours speak for themselves. Prince Bismarck's famous dog is making the acquaintance of the German Chancellor's Austrian allies; the rival Pinafores are allegorically represented; sketches of foreign travel in and on the sea are given; Miss Heath is making her bow at the Court Theatre; Mr. Collette is instructing the faithful Tremolini to "give the drum a winner"; and the artist, hearing of competition between tradesmen and Co-operative Store keepers, and not being personally acquainted with stores, has represented what he believes to be the manner in which directors of Army and Navy, Clerical, and Civil Service Associations compete with retail traders.

## ON THE SCHELDT.

A leaf out of Mr. Sturges's sketch-book, while our artist was on a recent tour, some incidents of which were pictorially illustrated in our last number.

## PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Incomprehensible as it may appear to many of those who are accustomed to shoot pheasants after the fashion of the day, and to reckon the slain when evening comes, not by braces, but by hundreds, there are still surviving number of sportsmen of all ages who prefer a quiet day in the hedgerows and plantations, with a friend, two or three beaters, and a couple of dogs to all the glories of a grand battue. For every bird killed in such a way the shooter would at a battue kill a dozen, but each bird, as it seems to us and to many others, yields twenty times as much satisfaction when one has the excitement of hunting for him, the pleasure of seeing the dogs work, and—may it be added?—the knowledge that one is pursuing sport in a legitimate manner. This year, owing to bad weather and late harvest, the beginning of the pheasant-shooting season has been peculiarly uneventful. There are always numbers of men who yearly leave the birds till later in the season, and this year there will be more than ever left. The most lordly and beautiful of British birds—there is surely no such "gentleman" as a cock pheasant—will, as a rule, be spared to strut with that dignity which is all his own about the fields and coppices for yet a little while before the fatal day when he is disturbed by intrusive strangers, and after rocketing with the clatter of an express train at full speed, falls to rise no more. One may be sorry that so handsome a bird should be destroyed; but there is glory in his capture, and the ill-wind which blows him no good blows good elsewhere, for when the larder is provided, it is pleasant to gratify friends by sending off a hamper with tell-tale feathers protruding and indicating the agreeable contents.

## SCENE FROM "LA VENUS NOIRE."

M. Belot's *La Venus Noire*, which is now being played at the Châtelet Theatre, in Paris, is a natural offspring of the spectacular piece which was known on the English stage as *Round the World in Eighty Days*, an adaptation of a novel by M. Jules Verne. The fable of the new play is less exciting than its predecessor; indeed, it is only by a stretch of courtesy that the term "play" can be used as describing the text which M. Belot has compiled to enable the scene-painter, decorator, ballet-master, stage-manager, machinist, and purveyor of zoological curiosities to exhibit their united ability. But the French public like it, and after all, that is the great thing from a managerial, if not an artistic, point of view.

## SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND.

## GALWAY AND THE CORRIB.

To those of the disciples of the gentle Isaak who glory in fishing the place of all places is Ireland, and the part of the tight little Island where most may be achieved in the above direction is the extreme of its beautiful West.

The handsome stone bridge that spans the rushing Corrib in its course from the lake to the sea, though at all times and seasons a loitering place for the idlers of the sleepy old City of the Tribes, is, at "salmon season," the grand focus of superabundant lassitude. Young, old, and middle-aged, the grave, and the gay, the jaunty shop clerk, and the floss-choked bag weaver, the sleek smugg merchant, and the Spanish featured "Boccach" or lame beggar, priest and parson, and matron and maid, all and everyone, be their hurry never so great, or their very idleness distressing, pause here to take a peep over the parapet at the glorious fish in the clear swift water beneath, lying thick as pebbles and quite as motionless, save now and then when some salmon of business makes a rapid dart above his fellows through the limpid element, and seemingly relieves his mind by communicating some fishy intelligence to a placid fin owner perhaps a quarter of a mile away.

To a stranger it is pleasant to stand amongst this heterogeneous throng, and listen to the speculations concerning the probable weight of many of the fish below, or the exultingly bold stories of the bamboozling of keepers, and the jovial defrauding of the great fishery proprietors.

"Yerra, masher," said one gaunt Galwegian, whom I had made friends with for life, by "takin his piether in me buke"—"Yerra, masher," said he, pointing to a silent old fellow

sitting on the bridge and gazing in a sort of rapture at the scene below, "see owld Haivey there now; well he owns an othter, sur, a lump ov an othter that he's tamed, an thrained to pooch fur him, an wid that divvle ov a baist he can ketch more fish nor all the rod an line min from here to Slyn Head."

"An othter trained to poach," said I, incredulously; "come, come, my friend, this is going a little too far. However, what fish he takes he keeps for himself—is not that so?"

"Divvle a one, sur; he just takes them out tindherly to his owner, widout a scale turned on 'em, an thin owld Haivey gives him a scrap o' mate as kyind o' reward like fur his thrubble. O, the keepers know all about it, sur, an have their eyes on him night and day, but be me sowl Haivey's too cute to be catch."

It may easily be perceived from my friend's "discourse" that the preserves are kept pretty strictly; indeed, large sums are yearly expended both by the Fishery Board and by the several lessees in preservation. Close time commences October 15th, and terminates on the first day of February. If any of your readers, acting on this hint, would think of looking in upon Galway next year, I can safely advise him not to bother lading himself with useless and expensive fishing gear, as the "dawniest craythur" that Galway owns could put him up to a tip or two as to flies "shootable for the sayson," and Nick Brown, the sluice man, opposite Father Daley's chapel, will supply him with rod, reels, and the permit to fish, all for the trifle of 10s. per day, the angler undertaking to give up two thirds of the fish he catches; but if he be adventurous enough to go up river as far as Lough Corrib, there the fishing is free, with the usual salmon license, while he can always purchase of the Galway traders—who know to an "Affygraffy" what one requires—beautifully tied flies and of the most killing colours.

Away, back of the Court House, where many a fine tall fellow got his "sintince" in days of yore, you come upon that part of the Corrib from whence starts the little steamer for Cong; here on her deck at any time within the season you may behold stranger anglers in all the glory of expensive and glittering got-up accoutrements, while ashore, and looking on with a kind of ludicrous disdain, you may see ragged, bare-legged urchins—they, too, of the gentle craft—loudly criticising in the vernacular their more aristocratic brothers in the art. These lads think nothing of landing by means of a rough wattle with the bark on, to which is attached a piece of string with any kind of hook whatsoever, from a dozen to twenty Coulish or Wrasse, not to speak at all of a now and then poached salmon or trout, at times and under circumstances when the best of rods and most invisible tackle of Weekes or Kelly, plied by the most patient hands, could not tempt a fish to offer himself as candidate for the kitchen. Up the river other fishers abound, too, that use neither rod nor line, and yet have greater success than even the Connemara gossoons; I mean the great wide winged heron that stalks sleepily out from the bank of the stream, takes a business-like plunge, and kills his fish above water without fuss or bother.

Though the Corrib is deemed, far and away, the best fishing river in the Galway district, yet there are others within the neighbourhood of a few miles where a man may kill his ten or twelve fish a day in the good time of the season. There are the Spiddle, the Clarinn, the Owenriff, the Killoolgan, the Cashla, the Screeb, the Furbo, the Derinver, the Crumlin, the Bunowen and many more, but though each of them may have its own excellent beauty and wide repute for abounding sport, yet the "Waltonian" must indeed be hard to please who cares to stray from the limpid and swift-rushing Corrib with its soft velvety banks and its teeming waters, each enhanced by the lovely scenery through which it flows from the walls of Cong's Ancient Abbey to the welcoming bosom of the Atlantic Ocean.

A cheery sight, and a lively one withal, is the weighing of the fish at the close of each day's sport, and though to some ardent anglers it may go a little against the grain the delivering up of some noble salmon whose capture was quite a grandiose achievement, yet after a good day the exhibition of one's own legitimate portion of the spoil to the host of his Inn, be it at Webb's or Black's or the Railway Hotel, in any one of which the sportsman can obtain all the comforts of a home, is a bit of pardonable pride of which no true angler may be ashamed. Then after a dinner, over which there are no qualms of appetite, a tumbler or two of whisky punch with some eligible acquaintance, and a gossip anent the adventures of the day, the angler whose soul is in his work may with an easy conscience, when softly drawing the drapery of his couch around him as he retires to his well-earned rest, thank God for the good day he has passed.

M. F.

LADY SEBRIGHT'S ACCIDENT.—Since going to press with the portion of the paper containing the announcement of Lady Sebright's accident, we have heard with great pleasure that the injury received was very much less than was at first feared.

MARBLE RINK CONCERTS.—A concert took place in this hall on Tuesday, and was chiefly remarkable for the excellent singing of Miss Tolken, who gave "Twickenham Ferry" so much to the gratification of the audience that a hearty encore was the result, and was answered by an equally good rendering of "Olivia."

WILD FOWL.—The *London Gazette* contains an order to the effect that the time during which the killing, wounding, and taking of wild fowl, as defined by the Wild Fowl Preservation Act, is prohibited shall be varied in the county of Durham so as to be from the 1st day of March to the 1st day of August in each year.

UNLAWFUL SHOOTING.—On Monday, Francis Dermot Holland, of Crophorne-court, chairman of the Pershore bench of county magistrates, and C. J. Johnson, of Willoughby, Rugby, pleaded "Guilty" before the Pershore Bench to the charge of shooting pheasants out of season. No extenuating circumstances were pleaded. The defendants were seen by three witnesses shooting pheasants, which, it was alleged, came from the Duc d'Aumale's estate. In each case a fine of £1 and costs was imposed.

RACES TO COME.—Cesarewitch (2½ miles 28 yards), Tuesday, October 7; Champion Stakes (1½ miles 73 yards), October 9; Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs), Thursday, October 9; Great Challenge Stakes (6 furlongs), Friday, October 10; Criterion Stakes (6 furlongs), Monday, October 20; Cambridgeshire (1 mile 240 yards), Tuesday, October 21; Dewhurst Plate (7 furlongs), Wednesday, October 22; Jockey Club Cup (2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards), Friday, October 24; Great Tom Stakes, Lincoln (1 mile), Thursday, October 30; Lincoln Autumn Handicap (1 mile 4 furlongs), Friday October 31; Liverpool Autumn Cup (1½ mile), Thursday, November 6; Great Lancashire Handicap (1 mile), Friday, November 7; Great Shropshire Handicap (1 mile), Wednesday, November 12; Shrewsbury Cup (2 miles), Thursday, November 13; Midland Counties Handicap (1½ mile), Tuesday, November 18; Great Autumn Welter Cup (1 mile), Wednesday, November 19; Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase (3 miles), Wednesday, November 19; Grand National Hurdle Handicap (2 miles 2 furlongs), Tuesday, November 25; Great Metropolitan Steeplechase (4 miles), Wednesday, November 26.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—Cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing (recognised and recommended by the Medical Faculty). No other remedy is half so effective. One Lozenge alone gives relief. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1d.—[ADVT.]

## STRANGE PETS.

"HAD the regulations of our society provided for the recognition of success in taming animals," the committee of the Queenwood Mutual Improvement state in their summer report, "we should certainly have had to award a very heavy prize to the owners of three carrion crows, which for weeks have been about our premises, showing themselves as familiar and companionable as the most faithful dogs. These birds were taken from their nest on May 19th by T. R. Hill, at the 'Horse Shoe Cutting.' They were at that time about a fortnight old, and almost absolutely unfledged. For some six weeks they were fed on raw flesh, and then put on barley-meal mixed with water. Being constantly cared for by their owners, they got to know them perfectly, both by sight and by voice. No restraint whatever was put upon them; from the first of their being able to move about they were allowed to go just where they liked, and they were left out all night to roost. As their powers increased, they would take considerable flights, but they appeared to have no inclination to go far away from the grounds. The boys were their companions, and the birds did not seem happy if none of them were about for them to associate with. They would come to welcome their friends the first thing in the morning as they came up the asphalt path from the house to the schools; when the bell for studies had rung, they would perch on the window-sills and watch what was going on in the class-rooms, occasionally cawing to attract attention: sometimes one or other would come into the room and perch himself on the master's desk in front of a class. It was amusing to observe how, when the boys were drawn up in line for drill, one or other of these birds would swoop down from a tree, and, flying close over the heads of the rank, finally light on his master's head or on his outstretched arm. In the latter case he would try to pick a pocket, and if successful, fly off with the spoil. He evidently appreciated the joke of this, as if pursued, when the order to dismiss had been given, he would withdraw just far enough to be in safety for the moment, and repeat the move when he was again approached. In fact the carrion crow seems to be like the magpie in its propensity for carrying away and hiding objects; anything bright has a special attraction for him in this way. On Sunday last the birds followed us on our afternoon walk, occasionally taking wide excursions over the fields, and then making a straight line for us again in rapid flight; it was quite delightful to observe the thorough confidence they had in the boys. They followed us along the Roman-road and over the downs to Buckholt; they would probably have come further, but at this point some of our number turned back for Queenwood, and the crows went back with them. Whether this wide view of the world led to further and fatal explorations we do not know; at any rate, Beach's bird, Grip, who had returned safe home on Sunday night, has not since been seen—Joe and Jim are still about. We shall be interested in seeing how the former takes to a new part of the country, for he is to accompany a friend of his owner's home to-morrow; we shall thus have the opportunity of finding out whether his love for persons or for locality is the greater. It would have been more satisfactory had he been going home with his actual owner, but a projected journey abroad, which was to take place at once, rendered this impracticable. Jim will have to be left at Queenwood, as he does not care to trust himself even in his owner's hands; he will come to call, perch on a boy's head, and in a stand-off sort of way be familiar enough, but he won't be meddled with; let him get the idea that he is going to be handled, and off he flies at once. Of the three he has always been the least confiding and the most independent; his master considers this is due to his having been, like a spoiled child, treated too well. The birds measure three feet across the wings and a foot and a half from the tip of beak to the end of the tail. We may mention that we have had a magpie in the school nearly as tame as the crows. There have likewise been several kestrels and owls, but these could not be left absolutely at liberty like the others. We have devoted what may seem a rather undue amount of space to the crows, but it seems to us that the matter was very interesting to the naturalist, and, further, it appears to us so delightful that birds can be kept in this way—absolutely free denizens of the air, and yet coming to call as readily as the best trained dog. How different the captive life of the caged songster!"

THE DRAWING-ROOM COURSING GAME.—A particularly ingenious game has lately made its appearance under the above title. It is played upon a board, which represents a landscape, with a hare, greyhounds, and dice. Lines with printed numbers on them at regular intervals meander about the country portrayed; and the hare—a little tin portrait of our friend Jack—is started at No. 12. The supporter of each hound then throws in turn, and moves on his representative after the quarry. The "hare" throws in his turn, and so the game proceeds. Sometimes the hare is, of course, headed; and by simple rules the whole scheme of an ordinary coursing match is reproduced. The player who throws a number which brings his dog to the spot at which the hare is resting, wins. A more exciting game we do not know.

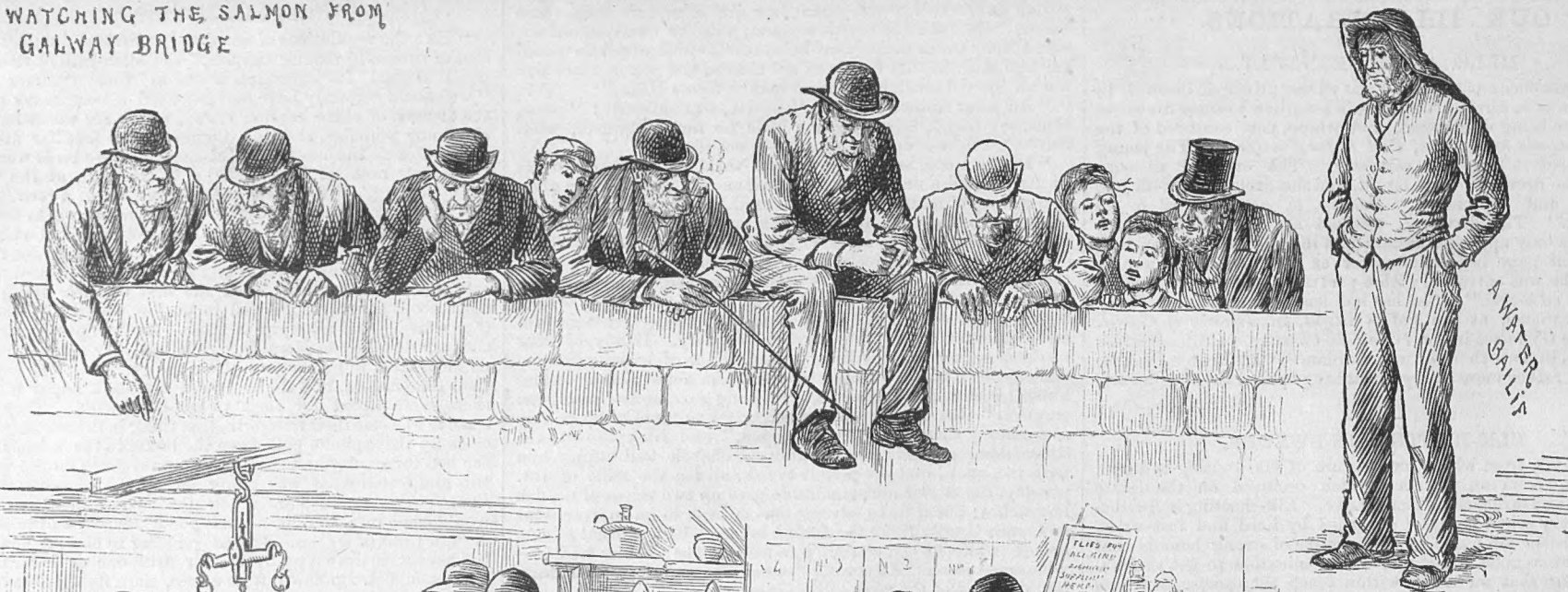
MESSRS. THORNHILL AND CO'S SHOOTING KNIFE.—The newly invented shooting knife is certainly a most useful companion. It contains, besides the attributes of a knife proper, corkscrew, wire-cutter, and button-hook, and even the ends of the knife are cunningly fashioned into cartridge extractors.

A DOG DROWNED BY A COON.—A few days since a very valuable dog belonging to Mr. White, of Sauvie's Island, while strolling around through the timber near the slough, came upon a coon's trail, and followed it to the animal's hiding-place. After considerable digging and barking, the coon was routed and took to the water, and after it went the dog. The fight was a life-and-death struggle, but the coon was too cunning. As the dog approached him he seized him by the nose and sank beneath the surface, pulling the dog's head under the water. The process was repeated until the dog was drowned, and his coonship swam to shore and disappeared uninjured.—*Portland Bee*.

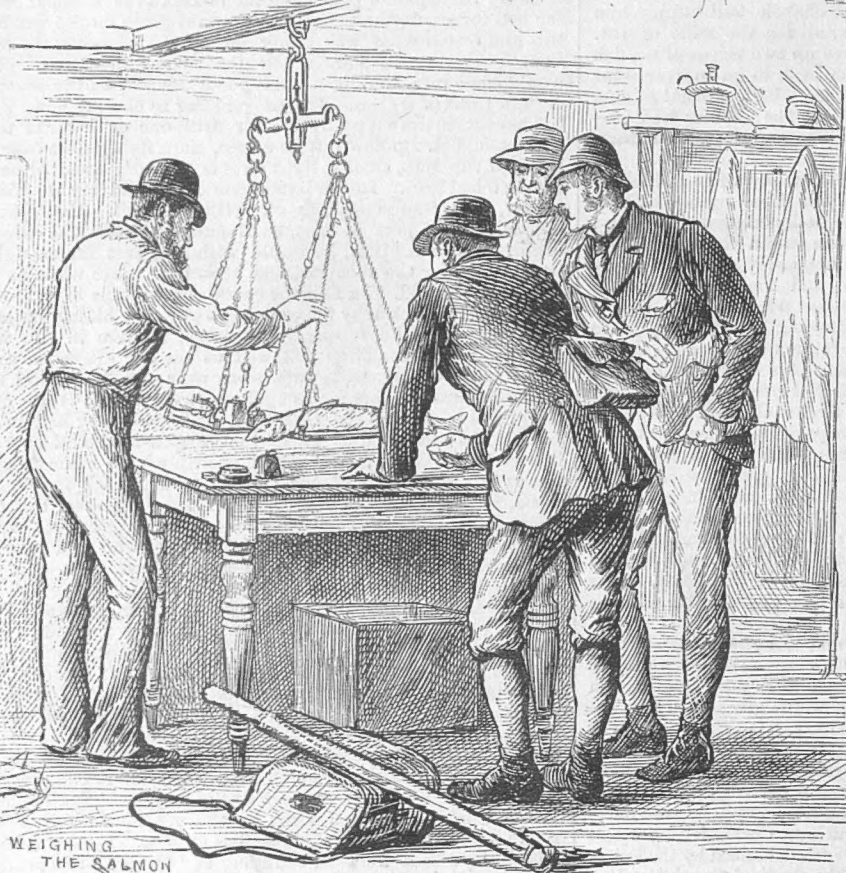
THE GROWTH OF PRIVATE TRAFFICKING.—It is announced that *The Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart*, and originator of a vast system of bartering amongst private persons, is about to be issued three times a week. The history of this journal is another example of a remarkable success following on an original idea which was useful in its aims and simple in its operations. Started in 1868 with four pages only, it rapidly grew, until in 1874 there were sometimes as many as fifty-six pages in a single issue. Just five years ago the journal was first published twice a week, and the success of the two issues has been as marked as of the one, as frequently a single week's papers have numbered between them 120 pages. The large majority of these pages were occupied by advertisements, and we have seen it stated that as many as 5,000 announcements have been inserted in one issue. The proprietors now say that, even with the gigantic papers they have given they are unable to meet the calls upon them, and that they are compelled to make a third issue to satisfy the demand. Such a conspicuous success as *The Bazaar*, of course, produced an unusually fine crop of copyists, but not one made any mark, and all (over forty) are dead save one.



WATCHING THE SALMON FROM  
GALWAY BRIDGE



A WATER  
GAILT



WEIGHING  
THE SALMON



SELECTING FLIES



SALMON FISHING



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occasion. There were crowded audiences on both evenings. A report, accompanied by a page of illustrations, will appear in our next number.

Mrs. Bateman opens Sadler's Wells with *Rob Roy* on Thursday next, October 9th.

Mr. Albery and Mr. Bronson Howard are in collaboration on a new piece for the Court Theatre.

A morning performance of *Duty* will take place at the Prince of Wales's Theatre this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The St. James's, as we have before announced, opens this evening (Saturday) with *The Queen's Shilling* and *Monsieur le Duc*.

*An English Gentleman*, by Mr. Byron, in which he will play himself, will be given at the Gaiety matinee this afternoon (Saturday).

*La Petite Mademoiselle*, the music by Lecocq and the English version by Messrs. Reece and Leigh, will be given at the Alhambra on Monday next.

Mr. Joseph Hatton is going to make his appearance as a reader. He will read his own novels, which, being strongly dramatic, should be very suitable for the purpose.

Mr. Toole, who has had the most successful country tour on record, comes to the Folly in November. He will open as *Charles*, and a new comedy by Mr. Byron is in preparation.

Miss Amy Crawford will sail for Bombay early in November to fulfil an engagement for about five months at the Gaiety Theatre, recently erected in that city. Miss Crawford's engagement is for leading parts.

A strong company under the management of Mr. Percival, including Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Danvers, and Miss Ingram, is about to start on a provincial tour. They will open with the drama, founded upon Mr. Moy Thomas's novel, entitled *A Fight for Life*, by Messrs. Savile Clark and Du Treux.

TOM TAYLOR's well-known historical play, *Twixt Axe and Crown*, is announced for production at the Royal Park Theatre on Monday, October 27. The character of Princess Elizabeth (hitherto associated with the late Mrs. Rousby) will be represented by Miss Amy Steinberg.

## MUSIC.

### HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The arrangements for the autumnal season of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's are completed, and the season will commence on Saturday, October 18, with Verdi's increasingly popular opera, *Aida*, in which Mme. Marie Roze will appear—for the first time in England—as *Aida*, a character which she has played with remarkable success in America.

The list of artists is numerous and attractive, including among the sopranos Mme. Ilma di Murska (her first appearance since 1874), Mmes. Pappenheim, Marie Roze, Sinico, Crosmont, Lido, Stelzner, Barnadelli, Pisani, and Mlle. Minnie Hauk. The chief contralto is Mme. Trebelli, whose name is a tower of strength. The tenors are Signori Fancelli, Brignoli, Tecchi, Bignardi, Thomas, and Frapoli. The barytones and basses are Signori Rota, Pantaleoni, Carleton, Pinto, Franceschi, Pyatt, Zoboli, Susini, Fallax, Antonucci, and Foli. Conductor, Signor Li Calsi. The corps de ballet will be under the direction of Mme. Katti Lanner, with Mles. Müller and Palladino as *premières danseuses*, and an engagement has been made with the Royal Spanish Troupe from Madrid, who will appear in a ballet entitled *La Macarena*, with Señorita Fuensanta Moreno as *première danseuse*. Mr. Willing and the other chiefs of departments resume their posts, and there really seems little difference between the arrangements of the aristocratic summer season and those of the ensuing autumnal season, except that during the latter the prices of admission will be reduced about 50 per cent., the performances will commence at 7.30 instead of 8.30, and there will be no restrictions as to evening dress. On the whole, the autumnal season appears to be thoroughly deserving of public patronage.

Operas will be given every night, and during the first week *Aida*, *Dinorah*, *Carmen*, *Lucia*, *Mignon*, and *Faust* will be produced. The chief novelty of the season will be an Italian version of Goetz's opera, *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, founded on Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. The Italian title will be *Katherine e Petruccio*. It will be remembered that the English version of Goetz's opera, written by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, was performed some time back at Drury Lane Theatre, and was warmly admired by musicians. Whether it will be equally acceptable in Italian dress remains to be seen, but there can be no diversity of opinion as to the high quality of the music. Herr Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* (*L'Olandese Dannato*) is also promised, and the Italian version of the same composer's *Rienzi* is included in the repertory. The programme of this autumnal season is stronger than any which has preceded it, and is likely to attract a large amount of public patronage.

The 24th season of the Crystal Palace Concerts will commence this afternoon.

Miss Emma Thursby will sing, at M. Rivière's opening concert, Herr Louis Engel's vocal waltz, "My heart has its love."

An English adaptation, by MM. H. S. Leigh and R. Reece, of *La Petite Mademoiselle*, by M. Lecocq, will be produced at the Alhambra on Monday next.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan will leave England for America a few days hence, to superintend the production of his new opera *The Bold Buglar*; libretto by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera Company, engaged for America, left England on Tuesday last by the City of Montreal steamer. Mr. Mapleson had left on the previous Thursday by the City of Berlin.

Messrs. A. and S. Gatti's Promenade Concert season will conclude this evening with the annual benefit of the managers, whose meritorious management ought to ensure a crowded audience.

M. Rivière's Promenade Concert Season at Covent Garden will commence on Monday next. The band will include 100 performers, and amongst the attractions will be M. Rivière's new grand march, "Honour to the Brave" (dedicated to Majors Chard and Bromhead, the heroes of Rorke's Drift), and a new orchestral selection from *Carmen*.

A new cantata, entitled *Jason*, will shortly be produced. The music is by Mr. W. A. C. Mackenzie; the libretto by Mr. W. Grist, who has treated the classical subject ably and sympathetically, and has successfully arrived at giving local colour by the use of dactylic rhythms, and rhymed hexameters and pentameters.

Miss Bessie Richards, one of the ablest among our many able "petticoat pianists," made her first appearance at the Covent Garden Concerts on Thursday last (too late for notice this week) and played Mendelssohn's E flat Rondo with orchestra. Miss Bessie Richards is also engaged for the first of M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts (Monday next), and for the fifth, Crystal Palace Concert, November 1st.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A FLOATING DANCE.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Last winter, I went one evening, as an ordinary spectator, to the Gaiety Theatre. I saw a pantomime—which, by the way, was not, in the proper sense of the term, a pantomime at all—and which was, besides, sufficiently weary and dreary; but this pantomime, so-called, contained an episode, a little ballet interlude, which introduced a "flying," or, to speak more correctly, a "floating" dance, which was, in its sort, one of the loveliest things that I ever saw upon the stage.

Such a performance is, naturally, a very fast-fleeting thing; but this particular dance lingers yet in my memory with so strong a charm that I desire to raise a cenotaph to the art memory of the dead dance. A young *danseuse*, presumably French, a certain Mlle. Aenea, represented, in this little ballet, a kind of demonic fairy, a little feminine devil (of the *buon diavolo* species), who tempted and teased, most bewitchingly, a somewhat ordinary rustic ballet lover. The mere dancing was good, without being excellent; but the *danseuse* was a mimetic artist, a quaint and tricky spirit, and she played with subtle sentiment the little drama of infernal coquetry. She was assisted by some marvellous machinery, which enabled her to float, to soar, to descend. She did not fly with strenuous effort, or with the movement of air-beating wings; but, up-buoyed, as it seemed, by some supernatural inner power, she swayed and floated upon the invisible air with singular grace, and with a rare "poetry of motion." Her performance was helped by some theatrical trick, some apparatus. I do not know what this trick may have been, nor do I care to discover; it was the art result that delighted me. The charm consisted in the magic of form—in the vision of a beautiful female figure in ideal, in aerial movement—and this lovely vision lingers, though enjoyed, a joy in memory yet. Mlle. Aenea dropped, slowly and softly, from a height, not like a weight descending upon the gross earth, but like an embodied lightness, like an imponderable body that came down upon no merely human foot. As Mlle. Aenea descended, so descended Mercury upon a heaven-kissing hill—so Puck was wafted down to earth—so Ariel alighted upon the golden sands of Prospero's enchanted isle—so

Sleep came down  
Gently as nights of summer fall,  
Upon the lids of Nourmahal;

so whirled a fairy feather to the ground—so, after quivering in windless air between tree and ground, a leaf stops its soft motion on deep mossy grass—so falls a snowflake on a river—so sways, on downward floating wings, a bird about to poise upon a delicate and swinging spray—and so Mlle. Aenea, as never did a thing of earth, was ethereally wafted down from out the upper air, and alighted upon the stage with all a fairy's grace, and with a bird-like witchery. No earthly lover could catch or clasp her against her wilful will.

I went, I saw, I enjoyed, and I record—record the poetical impression produced by a delightful *danseuse*, aided by machinery which enabled her to idealise coquetry, form, and motion.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Arts Club, London.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

### LADY DIXIE'S JAGUAR.

SIR,—There has been a general report that the pet jaguar belonging to Lady Florence Dixie has been at large in Windsor Park. This is quite without foundation, as you will see by the extract from a letter written by her ladyship's servant, who has charge of the lovely but dangerous pet during his mistress's absence in the Rocky Mountains: "I am glad to tell you her ladyship's jaguar has never been at large, and is quite safe and well. We all trust it may long remain so, for he is the greatest pet we have, though we have a great many; and how anyone could spread such a report is very strange."—Yours obediently,

ROWLAND WARD, F.Z.S.

166, Piccadilly, Oct. 2, 1869.

### SPORT IN 1683.

IN a newspaper called "The Loyal Protestant," No. 274 Tuesday, March 20, 1682-3, is the following account of some sports at Newmarket a few days before:—

"Newmarket, March 15th.—This day there was a Race between a horse of Mr. Brown's, called *Have-at-all*, and the Sussex-Pad. They rode 9 stone each, for 300£ a Horse, and continued very equal a great while, till (at the turning of the Lands) *Have-at-all* had the ill-fortune to break one of his hind Legs short in two; which being thought impossible to be cur'd they order'd him to be shot upon the place.

"After the Race was ended his Majesty [Charles II.] went to see a great match of Cock-fighting; Her Majesty went to take the air as far as the Coney-Warren, and their Royal Highnesses went to take the air upon the Heath.

"After which there was a great Bull-baiting in the Town, whither a great number of Country-people resorted, to play their Dogs, which gave great satisfaction to all the Spectators.

"About 3 of the clock in the afternoon there was a Foot-Race between two Cripples, each having a wooden Leg. They started fair, and hobbl'd a good pace, which caused great admiration and laughter amongst the beholders, but the tallest of the two won by two or three yards."

THE PARIS GYMNASE.—A three-act comedy which has been brought out at this house bids fair to rival the success of *Bébé*, while it may be fairly said to tread on more delicate—or rather indelicate—ground than any recent piece produced in Paris. It is styled *Jonathan*, and has for authors MM. Gondinet, Oswald, and Giffard.

THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.—M. Vaucorbeil having been disappointed as regards the *Tribut de Zamorra*, there seems a probability that he will mount *Aida* at the Opera. The house is now seldom full, the subscribers are beginning to manifest a certain discontent at the little variety of the fare offered them, and grumblers are already making their voices heard through the press, so that the new director, from the very fact that so much was expected from his energy and good taste, is soon likely to discover that his post is not a bed of roses.

WILD BEASTS.—There were as many as 19,695 persons killed by wild beasts and snakes in British India in the calendar year 1877. Tigers head the list. There were 819 persons killed by tigers, 364 by wolves, 200 by leopards, 85 by bears, 46 by elephants, 24 by hyenas, 1,180 by other wild beasts. The other 16,777 victims were killed by snakes. These various enemies of mankind killed also 53,197 cattle in the year. The measures adopted in India for exterminating wild beasts and venomous snakes resulted in the destruction of 22,851 of the former and 127,295 of the latter in the course of the year, and for this deliverance from them rewards were paid to the amount of £10,301.

### MY ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

Excited at the prospect of the impending arrival of Her Majesty's Opera Company, the *American Musical Times* breaks into song, and dedicates the result, without permission, to Colonel Mapleson.

Before the public I now bring

A company delicious,

Immensely strong in everything,

By no means meretricious.

The latest works will be brought out,

New operas most surely,

Novelties no one hears about,

And all Italian purely.

But, like a manager of rank,

Unlike all others, wily,

I'll tell my secrets, and be frank,

If you will keep them slyly.

Now breathe not what I tell to you,

I open in November!

Let this be strictly *entre nous*.

Remember, now remember!

My *prima donna* is a Swede!

My baritone a Prussian!

And as I must to truth accede,

My tenor is a Russian!

The birthplace of my splendid bass

Is onerous to determine;

He looks Hibernian in the face,

But only jabbars German.

My first contralto is a Pole,

The one you'll find so lanky,

The second ditto, on the whole,

I think is Welsh or Yankee.

The chorus, which will cause you bliss,

Is made up of Norwegians,

With a slight scattering of Swiss,

And some from Cuban regions.

I will begin my season vast,

With novelty and glory;

For the occasion I have cast

My troupe for *Travatore*.

This to be followed later on

(You see I am not tardy)

By the new opera never done,

G. Verdi's *I Lombardi*!

And if my venture seems to thrive

(I give you here my promise),

In gorgeous manner to revive

*Mignon*, by Monsieur Thomas.

And so you must with me agree,

I merit a medallion,

For my tremendous company,

Exclusively Italian.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.  
The ST. LEGER STAKES.—Mr. W. S. Crawford's Bay Archer (G. Fordham), 1; Rayon d'Or, 2; Reveller, 3. 4 ran.  
The HANDICAP SWEETSTAKES.—Lord Hastings' Hackethorpe (F. Archer), 1; Lyra colt, 2; Dunmow, 3. 10 ran.  
A SELLING SWEETSTAKES.—Lord Aylesford's Susquehanna (F. Archer), 1; Playaway, 2; Charlemagne, 3. 9 ran.  
The DITTON HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Pryor's West Wind (Gallon), 1; Cerberus, 2. 2 ran.  
The ROUS MEMORIAL STAKES.—Duke of Westminster's Bend Or (F. Archer), 1; Canine Chiel, 2; Dora, 3. 9 ran.  
A SWEETSTAKES.—Captain Machell's Antycera (Brown), 1; Bowness, 2; Triemmain, 3. 7 ran.  
The FIRST OCTOBER TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. C. Brewer's Robert the Devil (T. Cannon), 1; Nightcap, 2; Carine filly, 3. 3 ran.

### NOTTINGHAM AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY.  
The BESTWOOD NURSERY PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's Despotism (Greaves), 1; Death or Glory, 2; Hippodrome gelding, 3. 9 ran.  
The NOTTINGHAMSHIRE HANDICAP.—Lord Fitzwilliam's Pedagogue (Greaves), 1; Lorna Doone, 2; Calabria, 3. 13 ran.  
The BELVUE GORSE PLATE.—Mr. Oldrey's Veritas (R. T'Anson), 1; Moorhen, 2; Katerfelto, 3. 7 ran.  
The WELBECK WELTER PLATE.—Mr. J. Robinson's Nydia (Morbey), 1; Mollusca, 2; Snelinton, 3. 6 ran.  
The MAPPERLEY SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Jos. Dawson's Albany (C. Wood), 1; Plaisante, 2; Susquehanna, 3. 12 ran.  
A HUNTERS' SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. G. Ashenden's Barton (Mr. Brockton), 1; James the First, 2; Little Nell, 3. 4 ran.  
The WOODBOROUGH HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. W. Burton's Priscillian (Barlow), 1; King of Launde, 2; Restore, 3. 7 ran.

WEDNESDAY.  
The COTGRAVE GORSE PLATE.—Mr. J. C. Hill's Moorhen (Mr. Brockton), 1; Katerfelto, 2; Restoration, 3. 5 ran.  
The RUFFORD ABBEY NURSERY PLATE.—Mr. W. Gregory's Donato (Barratt), 1; Swallow, 2; Lady Lennard, 3. 12 ran.  
The ANNESLEY PARK PLATE.—Mr. H. W. Fitzwilliam's The Dean (C. Wood), 1; Calabria, 2; Tiber, 3. 8 ran.  
A HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. A. Yates's James I. (Mr. Letheran), 1; Broomieknowe, 2; Fairfax, 3. 6 ran.  
The PRIAR TUCK SELLING STAKES.—Mr. J. Dawson's Lord Sidmouth (Greaves), 1; Red Cross Knight, 2; Castle Blair, 3. 10 ran.  
The COLWICK HALL PLATE.—Mr. J. R. Peyton's Zanoni (Bruckshaw), 1; The Cellarer, 2; Peroration II., 3. 7 ran.  
The SHERWOOD HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. T. J. Clifford's Northfleet (Lawrence), 1; Priscillian, 2; Ascanius, 3. 11 ran.

### LEICESTER RACES.

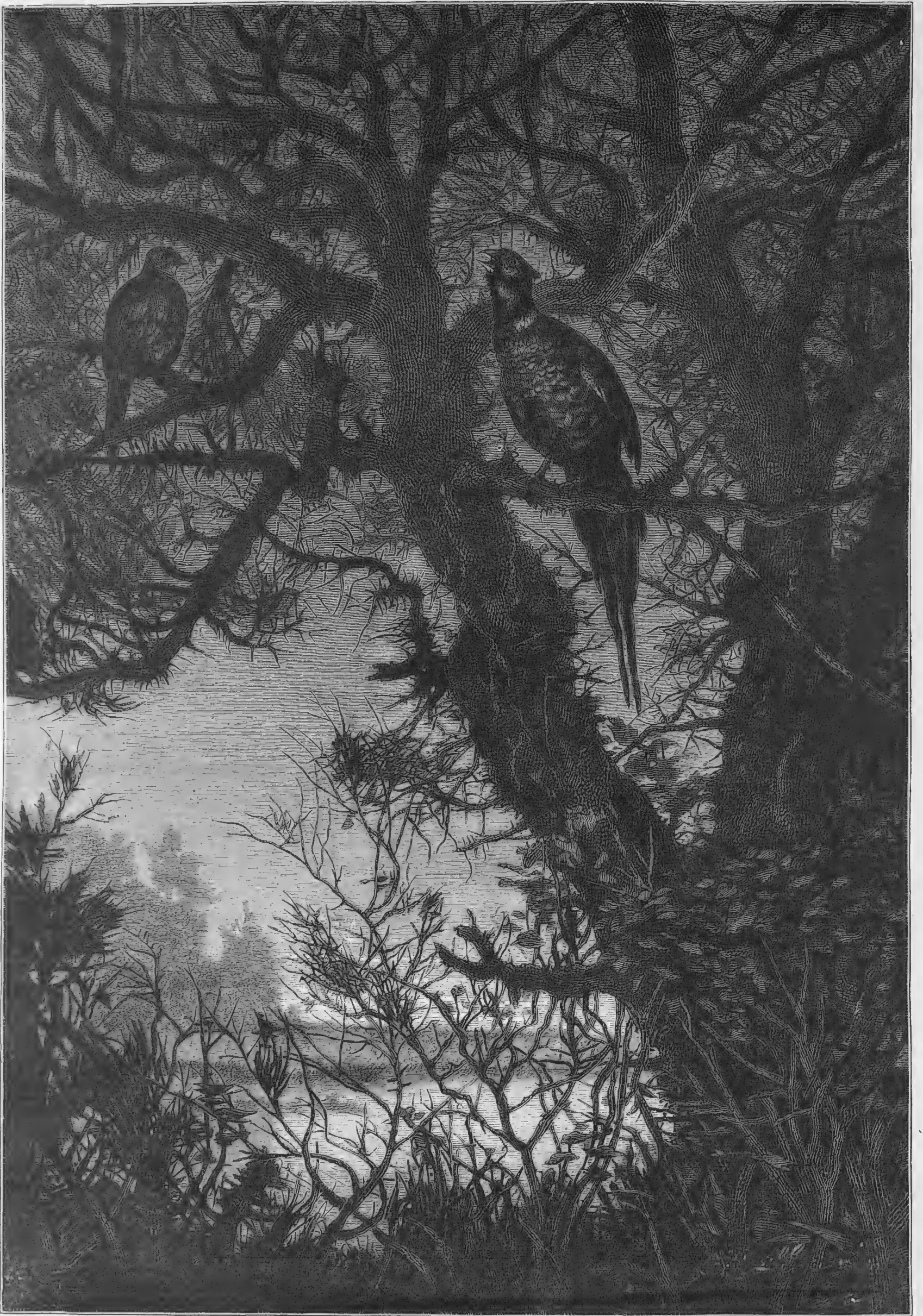
THURSDAY.  
The COUNTY MEMBERS' HANDICAP.—Mr. Wadlow's Instantly (Gallon), 1; The Cellarar, 2; St. Hilda, 3. 5 ran.  
The BILLESDON COPPIN SELLING PLATE.—Mr. T. Green's Bishop Burton (F. Archer), 1; Fly-by-Night, 2; Victoria Cross, 3. 4 ran.  
The BELVOUE PLATE.—Mr. C. Boynton's Prince Imperial (Owner), 1; La Duquesne, 2; Royal Oak, 3. 6 ran.  
The LEICESTERSHIRE HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Jennings's Abbaye (Sherratt), 1; Suffolk Lad, 2; Sandal filly, 3. 7 ran.  
The GOSFAL STAKES.—Mr. R. Osborne's Experiment (J. Osborne), 1; Brother to Ersilia, 2. 2 ran.  
The QUORN SELLING PLATE.—Mr. H. Bragg's Grand Flaneur (J. Osborne), 1; Merry Heart, 2. 2 ran.  
The NURSERY PLATE.—Mr. Gregory's Donato (Luke), 1; Hypatia, 2; Aurelia, 3. 5 ran.  
The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Case-Walker's Bugle March, 1; Serape, 2; Miss Jeffery, 3. 3 ran.

### EDINBURGH RACES.

THURSDAY.  
The DALMENY PARK STAKES.—Mr. R. Jardine's Paragon (Kellett), 1; Morven, 2. 2 ran.  
The LOTHIAN'S HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Osborne's Omega (Bell), 1; Glenara, 2; Tam Glen, 3. 4 ran.  
The SPORTSMEN'S NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. Whittaker's Lindrick (Bell), 1; Tyro filly, 2; Curfew Bell colt, 3. 5 ran.  
The GOLDFERS' CUP.—Captain A. Maxwell's Sir Francis (Mr. J. Steel), 1; Ladybird, 2; Blinkbonny, 3. 3 ran.  
The TRADESMEN'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Wanderer (Snowden), 1; Schmetterling II., 2; Malvina, 3. 12 ran.  
The BUCCLEUGH WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Hunter's Macadam (Bruckshaw), 1; Winnie, 2; Crookston, 3. 8 ran.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]





UNCONSCIOUS OF FATE!



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THE *Assommoir* rage in Paris supplied the successful actors and actresses, their admirers, supporters, and the artistic world of France generally, several occasions of exhibiting their delight, admiration, and approval at the achievements of the dramatic form of M. Zola's low-art work of realism. Suppers were given, and a grand ball on one occasion, when the guests all, or nearly all, appeared in some costume appertaining to the life from which the drama they were fêting had been drawn. Dozens of Coupeaus might be seen dancing a reel, in imitation of the festive passages in the career of the uninteresting plumber, with the young washerwomen of water-throwing propensities. There was Lantier, Mes Bottes, Poisson, Vergine, Phoebe Sage, Gervaise, and the rest of them, in all shapes and sizes, joining in the merry dance. This is all very well in France, but let us hope that the success of Mr. Charles Reade's "ighly moral dramar" will never have an opportunity of displaying its iumple in such a manner here. Not that it is not tending



A Statue for a public Place.



for to let Mr. Gooch do such a thing? in the very house where night after night M. Gouget preaches your impressive temperance sermons too! But there, why I actually saw M. Gouget



quaffing a goblet of wine myself, so what is one to do? You are not responsible for that, any more than you are for that drunken beast Coupeau keeping perfectly sober until the sun came in and made the gas sick, and it was time to go. It would not be judicious though to write any more of those prismatic advertisements, for a while at least, else unkind people will be saying that you were at that supper. "As soon as the supper had been done ample justice to" (I think that is the proper way to describe it), Mr. Gooch arose, and addressing the assemblage of beauty and talent, announced that he had "a little surprise for the company," on which he whipped the veil off a three foot statuette of none other than the amiable Mr. Charles Warner in his habit as he lives as Coupeau—of course in the portrait he is represented in the happy ante-delirium tremens period of his existence. Mr. Gooch in presenting the portrait to Mr. Warner promised that each guest would receive a copy of it. Then followed pretty speeches, and tears choked utterance occasionally when one fellow thought, just only thought, what a good fellow some other fellow was that he was being



Statue of the frightful results of "Drink"

eloquent about. Gleees were sung—not temperance gleees, indeed, for I almost fancy I heard "rosy wine" adulated in one—I won't be sure, the surroundings may have affected me, but I'm perfectly certain it was not—

Water, bright water for me.

Of course it was only right that after Mr. Gooch's kindness some practical recognition of it should take place. What do you think they did? They presented him with a claret jug! Oh, Mr. Reade, how can you expect to teach a great moral lesson if after the company, who have been uttering your burning comments on the terrors of drink, and joining most intimately in scenes representing its frightful results for a 100 nights, are no more affected for good than to present their manager—not with a pump, Mr. Reade, but a claret jug! That notion of Mr. Gooch's about the little statue is a good one, and I think it ought to be enlarged upon, especially as the drama of *Drink* has been of such moral service to the audiences of this enormous and intemperate city. When a great statesman or a warrior dies we raise a statue to him, and mothers pointing up to it, tell their babes that the great original of the carved stone passed mighty and beneficial laws, or fought brave battles that saved our native land. Why not, then, in the face of the national benefit we have derived from the "moral dramar" at the Princess's Theatre, should not a set of monuments tell the tale to future generations, when you and I, dear reader, and the workers of good themselves, are turned to dust? I have undertaken to suggest a few designs myself, and will be glad if any of my readers will send me some others and better ones, that the good work may be seriously set on foot.

thitherward. A few days ago there was a sound of revelry by night in the Princess's Theatre, for had not *Drink* achieved its 100th performance, and was not Mr. Gooch, the manager thereof, marking the occasion with prodigious hospitality? Actors and actresses have an extraordinary way of turning up rosy and jolly at such an advanced hour of the night (or such an early one of the morning?), that it is quite bewildering to people who are unaccustomed to the small hours. "Oh," say some, "they can sleep all day; they have only to do a few hours of musing work in the evening." Now that is a fine fallacy of the uninitiated. They never think of the night studies of new parts, after heavy performances, or the early calls to long rehearsals. No, my dear sirs and madams, that is not what makes the actors such provokingly lively fellows at midnight, and for three or four hours after it. And, indeed, I can't tell you what it is; perhaps "it is their nature to." However, the festivities which Mr. Gooch set forth at the Princess's did not commence until long after midnight, and did not end until—until (it makes me yawn to think of it), well, not until it was within a very few hours of the time for the box-office to open. It was a brilliant scene this gathering of histrionic personages. But what a piece of irony as to the tendency of the "ighly moral dramar!" Every decoration had some hint of the bottle about it: the menu was embellished with the picture of a bottle, bright little bottles stuck out from amongst the flowers and other decorations, the furnishing of viands mostly took the form of tiny bottles, and of genuine bottles containing varieties of anti-temperance beverages there was no lack. Mr. Reade, Mr. Reade! how could you go



## SPORTING SKETCHES.

## MORE JOTTINGS OF A SHOOTING TRIP.

AFTER our experiences of shooting in the forest, which I described in my last sketch, we came to the conclusion that what we had killed was more by good luck than good management, and that our next essay should be made in a more orthodox fashion. Accordingly, having consulted the manager, major domo, and various other officials, all holding different views, and each equally assured that his was the only correct one, we agreed to camp out and try our luck both at "blazing" deer and laying up for them. Blazing the deer we were not to take in the same sense as blazing a tree, which is neither more nor less than cutting a slice out of it to denote the path (that operation was to be postponed until after we had successfully blazed at the animal), but we were by torches so to dazzle the beast that, prompted by curiosity, he would come to see what was up, and consequently would fall an easy victim to the sportsman, who could hold straight and aim directly between the two eyes as they glittered in the light. The practice is very common in India and Burmah, and is at best, perhaps, somewhat of a butchery; however, we were bound to do our best, and in the forest deer are not so easy to get, so that every artifice is fair play. Laying up consists merely of going out after sundown and getting into a favourable position near some drinking-place, where, if you can stand the mosquitos and other winged insects of the stingy order, you are pretty sure of a shot at something, always provided that you do not smoke or make a noise. Having said this much, I will proceed. It was proposed that we should send mules with baggage, guns, and provisions, on some 20 miles the day before to a spot known as Los Idoles, the supposed site of an ancient city, while we the following morning would drop down the river in canoes, and, landing at the nearest point, strike through the bush. As usual, the commissariat department fell to my lot. Fitzroy, as being the scientific man, was to lay off our course and work out the dead reckoning, while Rossall's share of work comprised the marshalling of the retainers, superintending the ammunition, and to see everything was in its place, besides having strict orders to keep the rest of us alive with some of his choicest anecdotes, for which he was justly famed.

Everything was prepared, and in due course the cavalcade started under the charge of a senior corporal on the estate, who had orders to build two grass huts directly he arrived at the camping place. As we had to be off next morning by three a.m., we all retired to bed early, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. How long I had been asleep I can't say, but I was suddenly awakened by a most tremendous row in front of the Hacienda, which seemed to proceed from a large quince tree opposite the door. For a moment I could not make out what it was, and then the "tuck, tuck, caw" and flapping of wings made it plain that it was a case of poultry in peril.

The manager was in the habit of keeping a large stock of chickens, all of which were wont to roost in the quince tree, and for some months past he told us he had noticed a strange diminution in his stock. Here, thought I, now wide awake, is the solution to the mystery. Some "ladrone" (thief) is up the tree nailing the fowls. At this moment the rest of us woke up, and we all hustled on our boots and bounced out, six-shooters in hand. As we rushed into the moonlight, an animal glided down the tree and made tracks across the open. "Gone away," shouted Fitzroy, firing his revolver at the brute. "Yoi! at him, Lion!" yelled Rossall to the bloodhound, who was after the creature full tilt in a second. "Mind my legs, for goodness sake," screamed I, as a bullet from Rossall's "bull-dog" (a small revolver) whistled unpleasantly near my understandings; and away we all went full cry in the wake of "Lion." For the next five minutes such a medley of whooping, yelling, and pistol-shooting has seldom if ever been seen or heard. How it was that neither man nor dog was shot I can't imagine. At last Lion ran the varmint to ground in the roots of a tree, and leaving Rossall to guard, it went back for lantern, spade, and axe to try and bag our quarry. When we got back, we soon made an opening, through which gleamed two bright eyes, and at which we all three simultaneously fired. After the smoke had cleared away Fitzroy in triumph dragged out a large "possum," whose campaign against the manager's fowls was now brought to an abrupt conclusion by the dose of lead of which he had just partaken. Bearing the slain aloft, we returned in procession to our sleeping-place, and I confess I was exceedingly thankful to find myself back in my hammock without the addition of a bullet (if not two or three) in my body. I daresay the others were equally grateful, though they would not allow that there had been any random shooting, and chaffed me unmercifully

about my exhibiting such thought for the welfare of my legs. However, being safe, I did not mind, and soon the silent night was made hideous by Rossall, whose snores gave too evident signs of his infant slumbers. We had only just fairly got off to sleep again, when we were aroused for the second time by the galloping of two mules, which were pulled up short at the gate. It proved to be the manager and major domo, who, hearing our shouts and firing, imagined some diabolical outrage was being perpetrated, and accordingly had ridden over from the sugar plantations as hard as they could. On hearing what it was, the manager indulged in a hearty laugh, at the same time thanking us for ridding him of his nocturnal visitor, and saving his fowls. It was now nearly time for a start, and sleep being out of the question, we turned out, and coffee was soon under weigh, after which I skinned the opossum, and rubbing in some arsenical soap, pegged him out, to dry when the sun got up. By three o'clock we were off to the river, and seated in two canoes. Oh! those few moments before starting, I shall never forget them, nor the language that flew about. To say we were devoured by insects would be to put it mildly, mosquitos, sand flies, and every sort of thing capable of inflicting pain seemed to have entered into an offensive alliance, and one could do nothing but sit still, slap, smoke, and—yes swear, using the "big, big D" very frequently. However, there is—heaven be praised!—an end to everything, for as we shoved off into the stream the plague ceased, and Richard became himself again, though Rossall insisted on it that he was "fly blown," and Fitzroy said that he felt like a large plum pudding, and was speckled all over like a plover's egg. After a mile or so of paddling through a stream literally choke full of snags, we got into the broad stream, and went flying down at a good pace, arriving at our destination almost before Rossall had managed to clear out his pipe, which on most occasions was wont to get stopped up, and become the cause of much questionable language on his part. Disembarking, we mounted our mules, and, preceded by two guides cutting a path through the bush with their "machetes" (long knives), made our way to the camp. On arrival after a tedious ride we found everything ready—house built, fires lit, hammocks slung, and things in general ship-shape. It was about three p.m. when we got in, so that by the time we had had a "wash and brush up" dinner was on its way, a meal I must say we did full justice to, save and excepting one dish, which Fitzroy the scientific compounded (on this occasion only). He attempted an omelette, and whether it was founded on trigonometry or the "binom. theor." I know not; all I can vouch for is, that a more doleful and miserable failure could not well be imagined. Dinner over and pipes lighted, we had to wait till dark before commencing operations, and I do not think any of us were sorry for the rest. My pipe, I know, I found very hard to keep alight, and eventually I was forced to succumb to the God of Sleep, and felt none the worse for a good nap. As soon as it was dusk we started "blazing," Rossall on the extreme right, Fitzroy on the left flank, and your humble servant in medio. Between each of the guns was placed an individual bearing a torch. The first excitement was caused by Rossall, who fell head over heels into a watercourse, firing off one barrel of his rifle in the act, and sending the bullet not a hundred yards off Fitzroy, who anathematised him vehemently. However, no damage was done, so we continued, perhaps a little more circumspectly than before. Presently the torch on my right came to a dead standstill for a second, and I saw a pair of shining eyes, at which I fired immediately, and was rewarded by hearing a heavy fall and struggle—deer No. 1. Almost immediately afterwards shots on both flanks showed that Fitzroy and Rossall had also seen eyes, and had profited by the instructions they had received. Well, this sort of thing went on for some time till we were all well-nigh worn out tramping through the forest; and as one managed to arrive on one's head once in every hundred yards it can well be imagined that it was tiring work. I know nothing more difficult than to follow a man, well acquainted with the bush, on a dark night, he having a torch which flashes in your eyes every second, while you yourself are obliged to blunder on as best you can, catching your foot in every obstacle that comes in your way. At last we all gave the word to stop from sheer exhaustion, and began to cry out for water. Not being near any river or pool, so far as we knew, we naturally thought it was a case of crying for impossibilities, but our guide promptly cut a bush rope, from which to our astonishment trickled a stream of pure cold water, which mixed with a drop of "old" revived our drooping spirits and we set out for camp with renewed vigour, arriving there dead beat about 2 a.m. Our bag for the evening was pretty good—6 deer, 1 tiger cat, killed, besides 3 deer badly wounded. Between us we had missed 4 deer, which considering the novelty of the sport was not many, and as we turned in we congratulated ourselves on our first attempt at "blazing." The result of our "laying up" I must reserve for a future occasion, though I cannot recommend the sport to any one unless they are fly proof, and have an amount of patience which Providence has denied to yours truly,

BAGATELLE.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.—On Thursday last, the 2nd inst., a meeting of this institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thos. Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Richard Lewis, Esq., secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £137 were granted to the crews of lifeboats for services rendered during the past month. The Cardigan lifeboat saved the crew of three men from the schooner Ellen, of Beaumaris. The Blyth and Newbiggin lifeboats had rendered most valuable assistance to the fishing boats on that part of the coast, which had been overtaken by a sudden and severe gale from the south, accompanied by a high sea. They guided most of the boats safely in, and the Blyth lifeboat also towed one disabled coble, with a crew of six men on board, into harbour, and saved the crew of four men from another boat which had been driven on the Seaton Sea Rock. The Newbiggin lifeboat was also the means of saving seven men from the schooner Union T, of Amble. The Cadgwith lifeboat was instrumental in saving 40 persons, some of them little children, on the occasion of the stranding of the steamer Brest near the Lizard. The silver medal of the institution, and its thanks inscribed on vellum, were voted to five ladies—the Misses Prideaux-Brune and Miss Laura O'Shaughnessy—in acknowledgment of their intrepid and prompt services in proceeding through a rough sea in their rowing-boat and saving, at considerable risk of life, an exhausted sailor from a boat which had been capsized by a squall of wind off Bray Hill, Padslow Harbour, on the 9th August. The thanks of the institution were also presented to the Hon. J. G. P. Vereker and Samuel Bate for picking up by means of their fishing smack a boy who had been thrown into the sea from a capsized boat. Other rewards were also granted to the crews of shore boats for saving life from wrecks on our coast, and payments amounting to £2,460 were made on some of the 270 lifeboat establishments of the institution. A new lifeboat had just been forwarded to Fleetwood. The committee expressed their deep regret at the deaths of Sir Rowland Hill and Mr. Negretti, who had been warm friends and liberal supporters of the lifeboat cause. Reports were read from the inspectors of lifeboats to the institution. The proceedings then terminated.

SIGNOR VERDI AND "IL TROVATORE."—To give an instance of his artistic modesty and noble qualities, it will be enough to mention this well authenticated episode of his life. When *Il Trovatore* had been completed, he invited several friends and musicians to his house, and played the music of the first act on the piano to his very attentive audience, and after the finale, paused and craved their opinion. With the exception of one friend, whose name we do not care to mention, everybody enthusiastically applauded the performance. Verdi continued, and finished the second act; the Anvil Chorus, then heard for the first time, was rapturously received; "Il balen" (a clever imitation of Donizetti) was pronounced divine, the "Stride la vampa" sublime, and the duet between Manrico and Azucena a marvel; but the friend made no remark whatsoever. Then Verdi played the third part, and at its termination he was hailed by all the impassioned epithets and grandiloquent phrases imaginable to excited meridianal intellects, but as he turned to his best friend, he saw that he had not spoken? He then began the fourth act, and threw his whole soul into the touching "Miserere," which is dramatically original, if not melodically so. His efforts were appreciated fully, and were crowned by amicable applause and ceaseless compliment, but the man whose opinion he most respected and most highly prized, said nothing. What do you think of my *Trovatore*, all in all?" said Verdi, finally, addressing his silent friend. "I think," was the response, "that three-quarters of the work are trash, the rest is good." "You are perfectly right, my good friend," cried the maestro, clasping his hand, "perfectly right, I know it." "Do you think it will become popular?" "Undoubtedly it will," was the answer. "Then," said Verdi, it is all I ask at present. The time will come when I can write in other ways." At that period Verdi considered *Rigoletto* to be his masterpiece; at present he has a legitimate fondness for *Don Carlos*, *Aida*, and his superb Mass on the death of Manzoni, and affects to despise the greater part of his early works.—*American Musical Times*.

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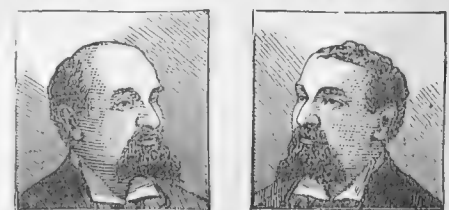
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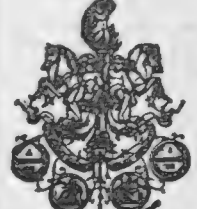
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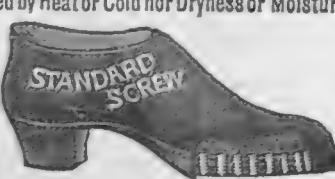
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**MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN** (Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, London) will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, on Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1879, THIRTY HORSES, which have been working the Dorking Coach. They are all excellent harness horses, being quiet in single and double harness. Most of them are hunters, some up to weight. On view at Aldridge's on Monday, Oct. 6.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—The WEST WICKHAM and BECKENHAM COACH HORSES (without Reserve).—On Wednesday, Oct. 15, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, twenty-five valuable, well-selected HARNESS HORSES and HUNTERS, now running daily in the above coach. On view day before and morning of sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

**THAMES DITTON COACH HORSES**, without Reserve.

**MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN**, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, London, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, October 23rd, 1879, TWENTY VALUABLE HORSES. These Horses have all been purchased in Norfolk, and have been most carefully and successfully selected from those Breeders whose Stock has been got by the celebrated Norfolk Trotting Stallions. Many of them are old-fashioned Roadsters showing great power, with pace. Very good looking matched Teams, Pairs, Phaeton, and Buggy Horses, and weight-carrying Hunters. A great advantage in purchasing is the knowledge that these Horses have been, for six months, at work in the Coach, and they are all quiet in Harness. They may be seen daily in the Coach, now leaving the Swan at Ditton, at 8.15 a.m., returning from the White Horse Cellar, at 5.0 p.m. On view at Aldridge's, on Tuesday, October 22nd, and until the Sale.

**GREAT SALE OF HUNTERS.**—The Andover and Weyhill Horse Company. Inauguration of the First Annual Autumn Sale of Hunters.

**MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN**, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Andover and Weyhill Company's Stables at Crickwood, on Thursday, October 23rd, 1879, 40 HUNTERS, in hard condition and fit to go. The Horses will be on show three days prior to sale, when they can be tried over every description of fences, and will be ridden and jumped at the time of sale. They will be guaranteed in eyes and wind, and veterinary inspection is invited.

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**BRIGHTON DOG SHOW.**—The KENNEL CLUB will hold an AUTUMN DOG SHOW at BRIGHTON, November 4, 5, 6, and 7th. Entries close Friday, October 10th. Apply for Schedules to G. Lowe, Secretary, 20a, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

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## SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

Result of Sale by Auction.—Kent.—The Ilden Park Estate.—A highly important Freehold Residential Property, of about 3,000 acres, producing a rent roll of upwards of £7,000 per annum, situate in the parishes of Staplehurst, Cranbrook, Frittenden, Chart Sutton, Marden, and Goudhurst, and Boughton Monchelsea, the major portion lying in and around the village and station of Staplehurst, about five miles from Cranbrook, nine from the county town of Maidstone, 14 from Tunbridge-wells, and 41 from London, which is reached by rail in about 80 minutes, Staplehurst being a principal station on the main Dover line on the South-Eastern Railway.

**MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER** beg to announce that Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 were NOT SOLD at the recent Auction, and may now be treated for. Lots 15, 16, and 18 were Sold. Full particulars may be obtained of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

Court House, Beddingham.—Important sale of a superior Pure-Bred Herd of Sussex Stock.

**SOUTHERDEN, MORRIS AND BURTONSHAW** will SELL by AUCTION, on MONDAY, October 13, 1879, at Court House, Beddingham, by order of the breeder, Mr. Charles Ellis, the whole of his well-known and valuable PURE-BRED HERD OF SUSSEX STOCK, consisting of about 26 Cows, of various ages, 9 two-years-old Heifers, 12 two-years-old fat Steers, 8 Yearling Steers, 12 Yearling Heifers, 10 Heifer Calves, 9 Steer Calves, the four-years-old Bull, "Kingsley," bred by the late Mr. Turville, of Hartley Park, Alton, Hants; the two-years-old Bull, "Napoleon 1st," by "Kingsley," which gained the £10 prize at Kilburn this year; the two-years-old Bull, "Hamsey," commended at the same show; the Yearling Bull, own brother to "Napoleon 1st," and 9 Bull Calves of the same blood; the pedigree, with reference numbers in the "Herd Book," and other particulars, will be stated in Catalogues, which will be ready about a week before the sale. Luncheon at Twelve o'clock. Sale will commence at One p.m. punctually.

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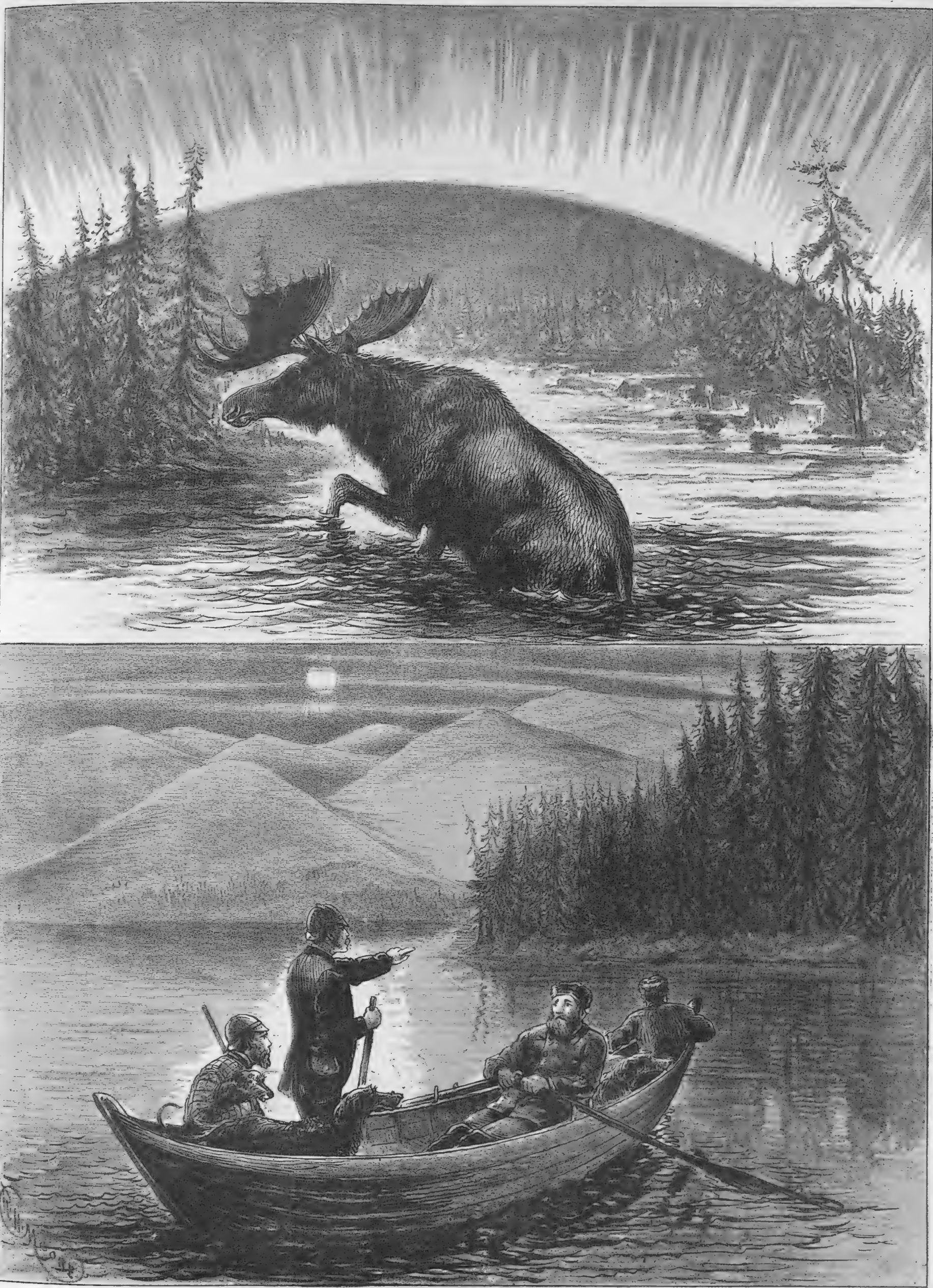
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ELK HUNTING IN SWEDEN



## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

F. SNEZ.—The character of Modus is in *The Hunchback*, a play by James Sheridan Knowles, of which Moxon published a good and revised edition in, we think, 1847.

GEORGE HART.—Pepys first mentions Nell Gwynne as being at the Duke's Theatre. She was then sixteen years of age. Her father was Captain Thomas Gwynne, the descendant of an ancient Welsh family of some repute.

N. M. M.—A false reading. Shakespeare died before hackney coaches were known; but hackney, or *haquene*, was then a well-known term as applied to certain horses.

A. BUSSEY.—Mrs. Wallack died in 1850, aged one hundred years, on March 6th.

J. A. TRUE.—Mr. Walter Watts, lessee of the Olympic, was found guilty at the Old Bailey on May 10th, 1850, and on the fifteenth of the following July he was sentenced, by Mr. Baron Alderson, to ten years' transportation. On the afternoon of the same day he hanged himself in his cell.

SAWDUST.—Mr. Wombwell died in one of his caravans at the age of seventy. A READER.—Miss S. Booth made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, on October 30th, 1810, as *Amanthi* in *The Child of Nature*.

HISTRION.—Mrs. C. M. Harman was Colley Cibber's granddaughter. She died in 1773.

ELLIS.—Mr. Oxberry married Miss Lancaster.

C. KNIGHT.—We were informed by the late Mrs. F. Cori, that Henry Siddons was buried in a full dress suit of embroidered satin, with silk stockings and diamond buckles on his shoes. She saw him in his coffin.

CARRAJO.—1. We know nothing of the young lady you write about, except that she made her first appearance in *Babil and Bijou*. 2. We believe she is niece to Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Stanley would not be flattered by the question—no relation whatever. Miss Fanny Addison is Miss Carlotta Addison's sister. 3. A boy ought to leave off attempting to sing when his voice breaks, and had better not begin again without the advice of a competent musician. No time can be stated, probably a couple of years. It depends on circumstances.

J. I. B.—Thanks for your note. We hope to be able to adopt the suggestion some day, but we are not at present quite prepared.

T. H. S.—He writes some of the criticisms both in music and drama, but is not "the" critic of the paper for all that.

D. T.—From personal experience, extending over several years, we know the stories to be untrue as a very general rule. "Society journals" when they are in want of a subject usually belabour the critics, but without justice. Such invitations are rarely sent, and still more rarely accepted.

FRONT ROW.—*Queen Mary* was produced on the 18th of April, 1876, and *Wrinkles* at the Prince of Wales's on the 13th. Mr. Coghlan and Miss Ellen Terry were members of the company, but were not asked to play, as the parts intended for them were not considered sufficiently good. *Peril* followed on the 30th of September, and was peculiarly though not artistically successful.

FENELLA.—*Masaniello* has not been played at either opera house for several years.

BOOTS.—Robson died August 12, 1864, aged 43.

A. G.—*The House of Darnley* was produced at the Court Theatre on the 6th of October, 1877. The other questions you ask are not matters of public interest. No such novel was ever written. Some too ingenious reviewer made a discovery which was not supported by facts.

## SPORTING.

LONG ODDS.—Such mistakes are common when people who know nothing of sport write about it. As a rule, lady novelists seem to think that 6 to 1 against a horse, or 6 to 1 on him, is only a different way of stating the same fact.

## CRICKET.

W. F. HARDS AND R. GRIFFITHS.—1. After the batsman has played the ball, it does not matter in the least if he does run into and upset either wicket; therefore you win your bet, the decision "not out" being perfectly correct. 2. You cannot be bowled by a no ball. 3. A widower must play on the side of the single in a match married v. single.

## CARDS.

A. B.—The rules of "Nap" vary so much in different places that it is hard to say what may or may not be done. Such dealing as you inquire about is very unusual, but we are not sure that it can be set down as absolutely against a rule.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

INQUIRER.—That is a home question, which we fear we cannot answer.

J. S. (Stoke-on-Trent).—Marion and Co., 29 and 23, Soho-square.

W. F. SALE.—A little pamphlet on alcohol in its clinical aspects by Godwin Timms, M.D., was published last year by Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, of King William-street. In it you will find many very curious and interesting anecdotes, illustrating the peculiar action of alcohol in its wholesome and unwholesome aspects, as a remedy and as a poison.

E. H.—The Camden Society was established in 1838, the Hakluyt Society in 1846, the Maitland Club in 1828, and the Bannatyne Club in 1823.

WILLIAM SHAW.—The lines run as follows:—

"Commodore Rogers was a man—exceedingly brave—particular; He climbed up very high rocks—exceedingly high—perpendicular; And what made this more inaccessible, These same rocks were quite inaccessible."

A. C.—Roger de Mandeville was the second son of Geoffrey de Mandeville, and great grandson of William de Mandeville, husband of Eude the Dapifer's daughter Margaret. He settled in Scotland, and rose high in the favour of William the Lion, whose natural daughter, Aufrica he married. His descendants retained possession of estates in Scotland until the line

failed in male issue in the fifteenth century, and the estates passed by the marriage of Margaret Mandeville, or Mandeville—as it was then called—into the hands of the Maxwells. Roger de Mandeville, in 1246, was a competitor for the Scottish throne in rivalry with Baliol and Robert Bruce, in whose favour he relinquished them. Branches of the family still, we believe, exist under the name of Mundell.

V. W.—If he wasn't he ought to have been. Do you remember the old story of an infallible clerk? The parson said he had given in a wrong name for his prayers for the sick, Jones for James. "No," exclaimed the clerk, positively and emphatically, "No! It's Jones. I am certain I am right—but—perhaps it's the wrong person that is sick."

H. W. EVANS.—We cannot tell you in what year Captain Marryat purchased the *Metropolitan Magazine*. In the Reading Room of the British Museum you could soon find out.

Z.—The proprietor of the coach which then ran from London to Tunbridge Wells and back once a day was Mr. Hoare, who never allowed any driver but himself to mount the box.

A. WILSON.—Rogers use to say that "a literary man requires capital quite as much as a merchant, though not, perhaps, to the same extent." A little practical experience will show that he was right. If you can fairly balance the difficulties of a literary career without capital against its prospects, the result will, we fear, not turn out very encouraging.

CANIS.—Stonehenge's book is as good as any with which we are acquainted.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

## RECENT JOCKEY CLUB LEGISLATION.

ACQUSTOMED as we have become to spasmodic and occasionally inconsistent attempts at reform on the part of the ruling body of the Turf, we are fairly entitled to call in question the policy of that section of recent enactments having reference to the distance to be run in future by two-year-olds. Could we be induced to regard the delimitations imposed in the light of a tentative measure, and the precursor of other steps in the direction of lengthening our courses generally for horses of all ages, we might be content to hold our peace; but in the present state of uncertainty it is well to question this apparition of reform, and to venture a guess at its real meaning. We are willing to believe that many representatives of our racing parliament are actuated by a sincere desire to uphold the credit of the sport they profess to administer; and we yield to no one in our admiration and appreciation of the efforts made from time to time to redress grievances and generally to exalt the character of our national pastime. There are plenty of members of the Jockey Club ready and willing to take upon themselves the rôle of reformers; but unfortunately, as in other assemblages where lawmakers cannot be called to account, there is no method or system, and everyone seems anxious to ride his own hobby, with the inevitable result of piecemeal legislation, than which we can imagine nothing more detrimental to the real interests of sport, nor better calculated to bring into contempt the authors of these enactments. A few years ago the Racing Code underwent a thorough and, as it was hoped, a final revision, but the edifice thus raised with every appearance of solidity and substantiality has already shown signs of crumbling to pieces; and unwilling as we should be to advocate the fixity of the Median régime, we cannot but deplore the perpetual recurrence of alterations and additions leading to confusion and disappointment, and ever perplexing the public mind.

For every conceivable reason it is highly desirable that the alteration in lengths of courses for two-year-olds, which is to take effect next season, should be regarded in the light of a precursor to other changes gradually introduced. Standing by itself it represents literally nothing but a capricious and arbitrary disturbance of things which have long been a measure without meaning, save as implying considerable expense and trouble to managers of race meetings generally, if not to their customers, the owners and trainers of horses. At Newmarket no great outlay would be required in altering the primitive arrangements in vogue upon the Heath—the setting back of a starting-post or so, and the removal of a few well-known landmarks on the breezy expanse. But it is not every centre of racing which possesses the advantage of a straight-away track, and at many places the "straight half mile," on which clerks of courses pride themselves so hugely, will have to be disestablished, the start for two-year-olds races taking place round a corner (as at Epsom), thus so altering the conditions of the contest that a fair course and no favour will be rendered almost impossible, especially in the large fields of youngsters which go to the post early in the season. This is a serious drawback, and certain to stir up no end of grumbling and complaints; to say nothing of the number of horses which will be rendered useless owing to their inability to travel more than half a mile. The answer to this objection will of course be, that such animals are not worth keeping in training, and may as well be turned to "more useful purposes" at once; but we have anticipated the retort merely for the purpose of showing a secondary inconvenience likely to arise as regards competition, putting altogether on one side the trouble and expense certain to be entailed in making the requisite alterations in courses all over the kingdom.

The above remarks are penned solely upon the supposition that the measure under consideration is a piece of random legislation, or something in the nature of a sop thrown out to those who are ever clamouring for a return to the old days of heats over the Beacon course, or to the more reasonable reformers who only advocate a modification of the present sprinting system, which it is agreed on all hands is overdone. But if, as we hope and trust, the slight movement in the direction of longer courses is not the outcome of caprice, but only the judicious insertion of the thin end of the wedge preparatory to further proceedings in the same direction, then we say that there is hardly anything which must not be borne and endured for the sake of the good almost certain to result from such a change of front. Time will show, and we should, perhaps, forbear to criticise too closely the policy of dealing in the first instance with horses in their first season upon the Turf. It may be that the authors of the measure recently confirmed in council propose that they should begin from the root and work upwards; but those in favour of assimilating our system to that in force in France would have been glad to see the older horses treated in the same spirit, and a judicious limitation imposed upon those everlasting sprints and scurries which are only popular for the reason that they attract large fields and are incentives to

heavy betting. As a mere isolated piece of reform, we can confidently assure the authors of the scheme for abolishing half mile spins for two year olds, that its results are likely to be nugatory, and a sample of that "harassing legislation" which seems invariably to take the place of enlightened measures in governments which consider that their merits are to be estimated by the amount of work done, and not by its quality.

With regard to the remodelling of Rule 35, which has reference to the engagement and employment of stable lads and servants, it was high time that some clear and definite rules should be laid down, for things had got into a hopeless tangle, and disputes between employers and employed are calculated seriously to disturb the amicable relations which should subsist between them, in order that full justice may be done to owners of horses. The proposed alterations of, and additions to, existing rules brought forward by Lord Hartington on behalf of the stewards of the Jockey Club, and having reference to exemption from penalties in selling races and punctuality in starting, will have to be confirmed at the next meeting of the Club, but involve such simple and salutary principles that there can be no doubt concerning their ultimate adoption. These modifications are mere matter of detail, and as such indicate no radical changes, such as are likely to result from the alteration in lengths of courses, to which allusion has been made above. During the racing recess the subject is sure to crop up again, and it will be as well that opinions on both sides should be heard, so important is the consideration of how far it may be expedient gradually to introduce further changes. This much is certain, however, that reformers must be prepared for opposition in whatever direction they may elect to proceed, for while public opinion will be ranged against any attempt at a retrograde movement, a further advance in the direction of lessening the present number of "short cuts" will be met by strenuous opposition on the part of those who cannot make their ventures popular or remunerative without catering chiefly for animals of limited staying pretensions. One benefit, however, is certain to attend an extension of the change lately introduced, and that is a falling off in the number of "mushroom meetings," and a consequent accession of strength to those which more entirely deserve public patronage and support.

## FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

(CONTINUED.)

## LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH (CONCLUDED).

ARRIVING in London, Booth received the first intimation of his forthcoming appearance as Richard the Third on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre from the posted bills of the play which announced his appearance for the 12th of February, 1817. We can easily imagine his astonishment, excitement, and delight.

Edmund Kean was then a sensation of the hour; money and honours were lavished upon him with prodigal liberality; the greatest men of the day were proud to see him at their table; great poets, statesmen, and people of the highest rank crowded about him to express in the most flattering terms their fervid admiration of his wonderful genius. The poor neglected, friendless stroller had emerged from a vagrant life of poverty, degradation, and incessant toil to find himself the idol of the hour, "the town" at his feet.

In the country Booth had been favourably compared with this great actor, some having pronounced him the equal of Kean, and some few having even proclaimed him as Kean's superior, so that in the breast of Lucius Junius there was already secretly growing a proud hopeful spirit of rivalry with the great tragedian, which in the forthcoming trial was most mischievous, since it led to imitation, and there is much truth in the old saying which runs that "he who follows needs must be behind."

On the night of his return to Covent Garden Theatre, although his reception was one of enthusiastic approval, ominous sounds of hissing could be heard amidst the loud applause. The censure is known to have come in many cases from those staunch admirers of his great rival who regarded him with indignation as a mere imitator of Kean, to whom in voice, face, figure, and height he bore a strong resemblance. On the following evening when the part was repeated, Booth noticed with a sinking heart that the house was a thin one, a fact which so depressed and dispirited him that he entreated the management to permit him to withdraw from the stage for a few evenings. The critics had on the whole, however, been so distinctly favourable in their reception of his Richard that in the interim, acting upon the advice of friends, he demanded better terms than those which had been already arranged. The lessee, Mr. Henry Harris, after some time had been wasted in disputing, offered him five guineas a week, and this being declined Booth desired that his name should be withdrawn from the bills.

"News of the dispute reaching the ears of Edmund Kean he counselled the management of Drury Lane Theatre—where he was then playing—to engage Booth, and finding that the idea was received favourably, he drove straight away in his carriage to the stage-door of Covent Garden Theatre, obtained his would-be rival's address, and going straight to him, told him the news, adding, according to Oxberry, "Here's my chariot, jump in, my boy; I've settled it for you."

The news that the two famous tragedians were about to play together on the same stage created a wonderful amount of excitement amongst the playgoers and critics. The play was to be *Othello*, Kean being cast for the jealous Moor, Booth, Iago. The house was crowded in every part, and although the evening was cold, the heat of the closely-packed audience was suffocating. Everybody present knew of the treatment Booth had received at the hands of the Covent Garden management, and sympathised with him. Everybody had also heard of and admired Kean's generosity to the only tragedian on the boards whose powers could dispute the palm with his own. The reception awarded to each on his first appearance was most enthusiastic, and when they first appeared together the applause was thunderous and prolonged. When Iago said,

I know my price; I'm worth no less a place,

the audience applying the words to his recent dispute with the Covent Garden management, cheered vociferously.

"Barry Cornwall" (Bryan Waller Procter) in his "Life of Edmund Kean" tells us that Booth had contemplated his appearance on this occasion with some degree of timidity, but when the trial actually came he faced it "manfully." Oxberry says, "Though Iago is not a part for applause, Booth elicited it in every scene, save the drinking one; and even the madness of cockneyshire could not bepraise Mr. Booth's vocal attempt," and adds "Kean on this occasion out-did all his former out-



BRET HARTE, who is acting as Consular Agent at Krefeld, Rhenish Prussia, is said to have experienced such ill effects from the climate that he is doubtful if he can remain at his post.

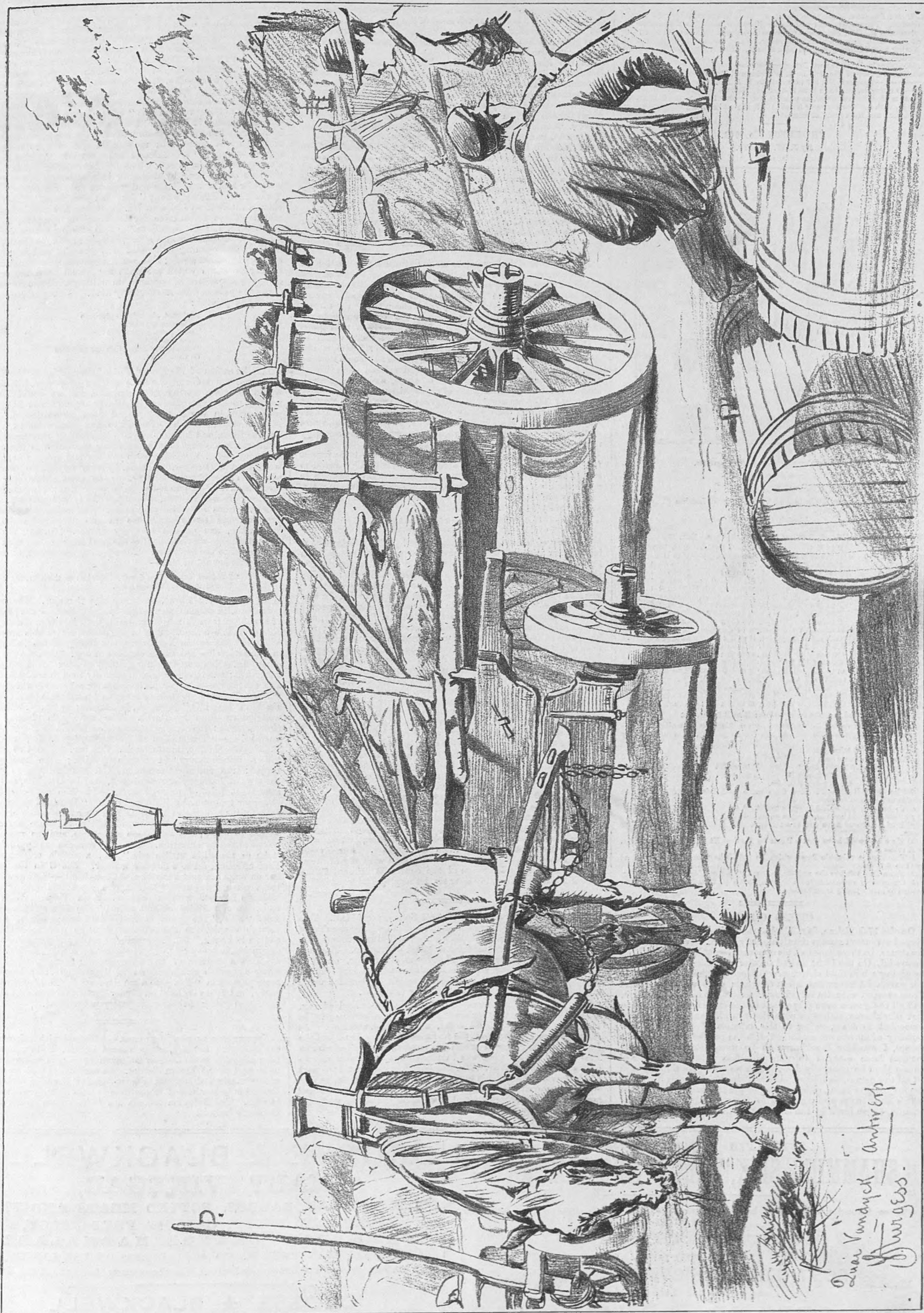




PHEASANT SHOOTING FROM THE HEDGE-ROW.

Rich Moore del.





ON THE SCHELDT.



CHESS.

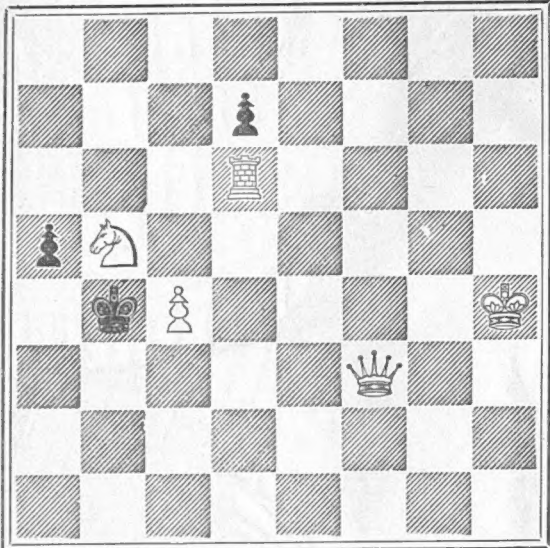
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. BLOCK.—Thanks for your acceptable game.  
A. CYRIL PEARSON.—You have “cooked” E. J. L.’s puzzle, but not remedied it. Your suggestion will no doubt prove useful to the author in correcting it. Mr. Blackburne proposes to make it right by removing the R from Q sq. The solution then being, White castles on Queen’s side, having at the outset given the odds of Q R. This is ingenious but hardly legitimate.  
E. M.—Thanks for your very flattering opinion.  
Solution of Problem No. 248 by J. Watkins and R. L. is correct.  
—Problem No. 247 (a puzzle by E. J. L.). The author’s solution is—to uncastle, and then B to K 4 (mate); but we regret to say the puzzle admits of other solutions, as pointed out by the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson. Thus, with a Black Pawn on Kt at Q B 7, the white B can occupy Q 3, or B 5, &c., and then mate at once at K 4.

PROBLEM No. 249.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game lately played at the City of London Club in the Lowenthal Junior Tourney.

[Scotch Gambit.]	
WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. W. E. Vyse.)	(Mr. W. E. Blunt.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. P to Q 4	P takes P
4. B to B 4	B to B 4
5. Castles	P to Q 3
6. P to B 3	B to K Kt 5 (a)
7. Q to Kt 3	Kt to R 4 (b)
8. Q to R 4 (ch)	P to B 3
9. B to K 2 (c)	P to Q Kt 4
10. Q to Q sq (d)	P takes P
11. Kt takes P	B takes Kt
12. B takes B	Kt to B 5
13. Q to B 2	Kt to K 2
14. B to B 4	Castles
15. Q R to Q sq	Kt to K Kt 3
16. B to Kt 3	Q to B 3
17. P to Kt 3	Q Kt to K 4
18. B to K 2	Kt to K B 5
19. K to R sq	Kt takes B
20. Kt takes Kt	Q R to B sq

And White mated in three moves, thus: R to R 8 (ch), &c.  
(a) This move, invented by Anderssen, gives Black an immediate advantage, and has exploded the form of the Scotch gambit, here adopted by White.  
(b) We prefer B takes Kt.  
(c) The usual course here is:  
9. P takes P                      B takes Kt  
10. P takes Q B                  B takes P  
11. B takes P (d) &c.  
(d) The Q at B 2 would have been more useful in herself, and more helpful to her subalterns.  
(e) To prevent Kt to Kt 5 in reply to P to B 4.  
(f) This B would have been more potent at Kt 3.  
(g) P to B 4 would have led to an attack fully compensating for his lost Pawn.  
(h) Here he could have won a Pawn by R takes Kt followed by R to Q 4, or R takes R P.  
(i) This loses a valuable Pawn which he might have easily preserved, as by Q to B 7, &c.  
(k) From this point to the end White plays with great force and ingenuity.  
(l) Generously abstaining from the only move (Q to Q 7) that would have spoiled White’s pretty termination.

CHESS CHAT.

On the 17th ultimo, Mr. Blackburne visited Huntingdon and played seventeen games simultaneously against seventeen strong amateurs. In three hours all his opponents went home amazed and sorrowful. On the 19th, he still further astonished the spectators by giving a blindfold *séance*, on which occasion he was opposed by ten provincial magnates, seven of whom were vanquished, and three escaped with draws. This latter contest lasted five hours, and all the games were played out to the end except one, which Mr. Blackburne, although with victory in his hands, generously consented to draw, owing to the lateness of the hour. For rapidity of movement, combined with the production of brilliant games, I consider Blackburne to be unequalled. Other performers have essayed to play blindfold a larger number of games than he generally does, but in no case have they finished off all the games, but have obtained draws, in some, if not in the majority of them, either owing to the lateness of the hour to which they were prolonged, or to the weariness of the combatants, engendered by the slowness of the exhibition. A man

can only be fairly credited with capacity to play so many blind-fold games simultaneously as he can finish at one sitting. Mr. Blackburne is engaged to give a similar exhibition at Witney on the 1st and 2nd of October.

In the Lowenthal Junior Tourney, now progressing at the City Club, Mr. F. W. Lord is at the head of the poll; next to him, in the following order, come Messrs. Piper, Vyse, and Block. I have great faith in Mr. Lord’s talents and believe he will ere long rise to the first class.

At the Manhattan Club, New York, Messrs. Barnes and Delmar are fighting for fresh laurels, and so far each has scored one victory. I have heard nothing of the Hosmer and Mackenzie match, and conjecture that the projected American Congress has caused its postponement. Among those who are about to take part in the American National Tourney will be Messrs. Delmar, Judd, Elder, Neile, Barnes, Mohle, Hosmer, Mackenzie, and other players of good repute.

On Monday last the members of the City of London Club mustered in large force, the programme for the ensuing season was arranged by the Committee, and the proceedings were wound up with a supper and musical entertainment which was thoroughly enjoyed by the gentlemen present, amongst whom I observed the leading metropolitan notabilities, including the chairman and vice-chairman of the club, Messrs. R. Clark and H. Gastineau. On Friday next Mr. Murton, one of the committee, will enter upon his ninetieth year, and a select number of his friends propose to celebrate that event by a dinner at Monflet’s Hotel, Newgate-street.

I regret to find that owing to an unnatural interpretation of certain remarks made a short time since by the correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*, an idea has got abroad that the existing dissensions among the London players are principally caused by the jealousy of certain foreigners harboured by certain Englishmen. I cannot but characterise this unhandsome insinuation as a weak invention of the enemy—a poor ghost conjured up by the diseased imagination of some would-be martyr. Jealousy of what—jealousy of whom? There is not one of the leading English amateurs who has not won a reputation for himself in some other intellectual sphere, more useful and more praiseworthy than that of chess, and who cannot, therefore, afford to think little of chess honours; and jealousy of whom? Who amongst the foreigners resident in this country can at the present time justly claim supremacy over the best English players? Not Mr. Steinitz. True, he grasped the sceptre at Vienna in 1873; but he very speedily resigned it, he certainly never swayed it.

When wars arose, and the kingship of chess was to be fought for, he never once entered the arena, but permitted his sword to rust in the sheath. I honour not the man who is unready to do battle for the position he assumes, the crown he claims to wear. I hold with Tennyson, altered by Arthur Hugh Clough, that when a ruler’s territory is invaded,—

It is better to have fought and lost  
Than never to have fought at all.

Jealousy of whom?—Of Mr. Zukertort! Why, whatever pretensions to championship he may have acquired last year in Paris were, I consider, forfeited when he failed to answer the challenge to single combat which Mackenzie put forth; nor can I see any grounds upon which a supremacy can be claimed for him. In the several match games he has contested with the best players since he came to reside in this country he has not proved his pre-eminence. He is one game behind Mr. Blackburne, and but one ahead of Mr. MacDonnell and two of Mr. Potter; and here, in justice to Mr. Potter, I must mention the fact that at the time of his match with Mr. Zukertort he was engaged in professional duties until a late hour in the afternoon, and so came to the battle-field more or less physically and mentally tired, whereas I believe his opponent was free to devote all his time and energies to chess. No! gentlemen, the alleged jealousy is a myth. You must seek for some other cause of the dissensions, and it is to be found in the social habits of our foreign brothers. Estimable men are they in many respects, but certain usages of this country are distasteful to them. The etiquette that is observed by us is different from what they have been accustomed to, nor will they conform to it. Nay, further, they desire to convert us to their ways of thinking in these matters. They would fain teach us how to manage our clubs and how to demean ourselves when in society. Their well-intentioned efforts to these ends have proved displeasing to some of us. We are vain enough to think that in these matters we don’t need instruction, and certainly we are not willing to accept them as our social legislators and governors. Some of us, therefore, have separated ourselves from them, but we wish them no harm and grudge them no honours. For myself, should I ever be obliged to engage in a duel with any of them, I would say, in the language of the courteous veteran, Prince Edward Lowe, “Now, my dear sir, let us play like *brodders*.”

MARS.

SEVEN whales have been caught off Spurn, near Hull. Two men, whilst walking along the shore, noticed a large number of huge fish floundering in shallow water, and it was found that three of them had been disabled or killed with guns. The men speedily armed themselves, and, of the other four, one was killed with a crowbar and the remainder with a large knife. After some difficulty the monsters were got on board a vessel and taken to Hull, where they are being exhibited.

MR. EDMUND FALCONER.—The death is announced of Mr. Edmund Falconer, who for several years took a leading part in metropolitan theatricals as actor, author, and manager. At different times he directed the fortunes of Drury Lane and the Lyceum, at the latter of which his most successful melodrama *Peep o’ Day* ran for what was in those days an almost unprecedented length of time. Mr. Falconer himself played the part of the hero. Most of his plays were on Irish subjects, but he wrote some comedies of no little merit. As an actor he had much spirit and resource and was usually able to make his assumptions popular.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co., 84, New Bond-street.—Mr. G. A. Macfarren has written music to the following six songs from *Gwen*, a “drama in monologue, written by the author of *The Epic of Hades*.”—“As on the clear hillside.” This solo is assigned to “Henry,” apparently the tenor lover of “Gwen.” The words are of more than average merit, and narrate the birth of a first love. The melody, in F major, with an episode in A flat, is varied and expressive; and the 6-8 rhythm aids the effect of the work.—No. 2, “Oh, vermeil rose,” is a contralto song for “Gwen,” and is written in common time, in the key of D flat, with a short digression into F major. The words are addressed to the “vermeil rose” which Gwen throws upon the stream—bidding it bear her message to her lover. The music is well suited to the passionate pathos of the words, and contains many phrases which will recommend the song to contralto singers.—No. 3, “What shall I do for my love?” This is also a contralto song for Gwen, who solves the question which forms the title of the song by declaring that although she is “too lowly for him to take,” she will “cleave unto him solely,” and “will give her being wholly” for “his dear sake.” To these exalted utterances of passion Mr. Macfarren has attached music which—if not remarkable for freshness—is sympathetic and vocal.—No. 4, “Oh, soft dove.” This also is a contralto song, time 3-4, commencing in A minor, and terminating in the relative major. The opening movement is a graceful and expressive setting of poetical words; the second movement is an unmelodious setting of words which are unfit for lyrical purposes, and—except as a specimen of ingenuity in writing triplicate rhymes—appear to possess little merit of any kind. We reproduce them, exactly as printed:

Ah heart, there is no pleasure  
As thine nor grief,  
Time, Future holds the treasure,  
Time Past the thief  
What pow’r brings this one measure  
Or that relief.

If “the author of *The Epic of Hades*” thought less of the jingle of rhyme, and more of the true essence of poetry, his lyrics would be better worthy of acceptance, and he would not be reduced to the manufacture of sickly conundrums like that propounded in the last couple of lines above-quoted. Mr. Macfarren could not be expected to find inspiration in words such as these, and his music to this concluding movement is as uninteresting as that to the preceding movement is fresh and charming.—No. 5, “Bring with you the last sweet rose,” is a tenor song in D minor, 6-4 time. Henry appeals to Gwen to give him a parting interview, ere the swift wheels bear him away from her. There is no special poetical merit in the words, but they are well written, and suitable to lyrical purposes. Mr. Macfarren has set them admirably. The melodies are freshly graceful, and the modulations in the accompaniment give colour, life, and passion to every phrase.—No. 6, “When I walked careless on the hills,” is the final song of the series, and is assigned to the contralto. The opening movement, in which Gwen tells her caged bird—

I did not know, when I walk’d careless on the hills,  
The magnitude of human ills,

is in E minor, 2-4 time, changing into C major. The second movement, in which Gwen sings of her longing for the presence of her lover, is in E major, and a happy effect is produced by a change into 6-8 time. This is the only song (of this series) in which Mr. Macfarren has employed a change of time, although in other cases he has made changes of key. This song is very charming. The words are unaffectedly pretty; the melodies are delightful; the accompaniments masterly though unpretentious; and contraltos—whether professional or amateur—will find in “When I walked careless on the hills” a valuable boon.—“My ain kind dearie O,” price 4s., is a setting by M. V. White of well-known lines by Burns. The melody is pleasing and characteristic; the arpeggio accompaniment in semi-quavers is unsuitable.—“The maiden at the hostel,” price 3s.; words by F. E. Weatherley, music by R. Vinning. The two verses tell a simple story in simple fashion; the melody is bright; the accompaniments, though not faultless, so far as the laws of harmony are concerned, are characteristic, and the song is at least of average merit.—The five next-mentioned songs are composed by Filippo Troisi. “Lasciami piangere,” 3s. This is a plaintive but melodious song for soprano or tenor. Although most of the phrases are familiar, they are agreeably welded together; the words are acceptable, and the song will be welcomed by amateurs. The same remarks are applicable to “Ah se tenessi la madre mia,” 3s., a simple outpouring of filial affection, set to a flowing melody. The C in the second bar on page 2 requires the sign of the natural.—“Mi son vestita tutta quanta a bruno,” 3s., is a sympathetic setting of a widow’s lament, written by A. Della Valle. With the exception of a faulty accentuation on the first syllable of the word “allor,” the music is well suited to the words, which, though simple, are not without genuine pathos.—“Quando cadran le Foglie,” 3s., a sympathetic setting of pathetic—not to say melancholy—words.—“Ti scorderai a me,” 2s. This song contains a number of charming melodic phrases, which may bring agreeable reminiscences to those who have heard the same phrases in “Fra poco a me ritovero” (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), and it is very hard on Signor Troisi that Donizetti should have been guilty of these anticipatory plagiarisms.

FOXHUNTING IN THE MIDLANDS.—A dispute with reference to the Billesdon country, lately hunted by Mr. Tailby, has just been amicably settled. The Billesdon country is acknowledged to be part of the Quorn district. In accordance with an award of the masters of foxhounds’ committee of Boodle’s, Sir Bache Cunard is to be allowed to continue to hunt it without limit as to time. The Billesdon hounds are to be known as Sir Bache Cunard’s hounds.

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BY the unanimous Vote of the Shareholders in an Extraordinary General Meeting, the name of the Association has been altered from "The CLERGY Co-operative Association Limited," to "The UNIVERSITIES Co-operative Association Limited."

The Members of the Association are divided into three classes\*:—I. Shareholders; II. Life Members; III. Annual Subscribers.

SHAREHOLDERS.—The Shares are £2 each, of which 10s. is payable on application, 10s. on allotment, and the remainder on call. (To save trouble, the amount payable on allotment may, if preferred, be paid on application; or the shares may be paid in full on application; or on allotment.)

N.B.—If less than 5 Shares are taken, the whole amount of £2 per share must be paid on application.

Shareholders are entitled to participate in the profits and the management of the Association, and have special advantages with regard to the carriage of goods.

LIFE MEMBERS.—Payment for a Life Ticket is £1 1s.; it confers all the privileges of Shareholders, except participation in the profits and management.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS pay 2s 6d a year, together with an admission fee of 2s. 6d.; those introduced by Shareholders are exempt from the admission fee.

\*Shares may be held by Clergymen; by past or present Members of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Durham or London; by the Secretaries or other recognised officers of any Missionary or Charitable Society, or the nominees, widows, or children of any such persons as aforesaid, and any such persons as may be approved of by the Directors.

† If the applicant for Shares does not come within any of the foregoing categories, he or she, to become a Shareholder, must obtain the counter-signature of a person qualified under the preceding paragraph.

Cheques and P. O. Orders should be crossed PRAED, FANE, & Co., and made payable to the order of D. TREVOR-ROPER, Secretary.

The Queen's Theatre (formerly St. Martin's Hall), in Long Acre, facing Bow-street, has been acquired by the Directors for the Store. It is one of the largest buildings in the centre of the Metropolis, having a ground area of 10,600 feet, and is pre-eminently suited for the purpose.

## THE STORES ARE NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

A further allotment of Shares will take place on Tuesday, October 7th, 1879, at 3.30 p.m. Shares 33,588 have already been allotted to qualified Applicants.

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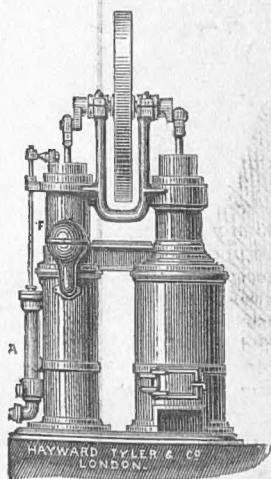
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